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COSTA RICA.*

THROUGH the greater portion of Central America, from the plateaux of Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama, there appears to be an evident feeling weighing on the population of some great impending change in their condition. For the present it is impossible to decide what nation will prove the arbiter of their destiny, but it cannot be gainsaid that the countries themselves could only gain by the immigration of an energetic race of men. With the Yankees would come capital, banks, commercial excitation, industry, railways, steamers, and roads. But the Spanish race would thereby lose its privilege of enjoying a sweet state of indolence, while at the same time retaining the political power and the rights of conquerors. The most natural and effective way of maintaining themselves against forced annexation was afforded to the Hispaniolans by federation. All the nations belonging to the Spanish race ought to have united in one powerful confederation against the Northern Union. Such a confederation would have found its most natural leader in Mexico, and they might have joined firmly together not only Central America, from Guatemala to Costa Rica, but also the southern half of the New Continent. But to attain this end was required not only the nervous energy, but also the talent for association, which made the Northern Republic great and powerful. Within the several states there should have been a cessation of mean rivalry, of isolation, but above all, of the selfishness and ambition of the popular leaders. All private interests should have been subjected to the greater national cause, and they should have banded themselves together with the watchword, "Independence of the Hispano-American nationality, close alliance of all peoples speaking Spanish, and no federation with a foreign race." The contrary of all this took place. The Spanish viceregal-

ties dissolved into smaller republics: every distant province sought to withdraw itself from the influence of the capital. Instead of combining against the foreign race, the internal contests raged between province and province, town and town. That old Spanish spirit of provincialism, which the despotism of the viceroys in America had kept down by force, broke out afresh after the liberation. No one attended to the warnings of those who preached union and political connection against the greater danger of the invasion of a stranger and more powerful nationality. Even the rulers of Honduras went so far as to offer to sell the Yankees a portion of their territory and a political alliance, not from any sympathy, but through hatred and jealousy of the neighboring republic of Guatemala.

Egotism is the bane of the Hispano-American character. It is so powerful that it effectually checks the efforts of patriotism. It is sufficient to keep the Spanish republics in a permanent state of defencelessness against the inroads of the Yankees, even if they possessed a more correct perception of their position and a clear glance at the future. The only question to be solved in this desperate state of things is, whether the peaceful admixture of some other northern race might not prevent the republics of Central America from falling a helpless prey to the all-devouring Yankee. Dr. Wagner, whose book we propose reviewing in our present article, believes he has discovered at any rate a temporary solution of the difficulty, by infusing a large proportion of the Teutonic element into Central America, more especially into Costa Rica, a country which appears, from his showing, to possess all the requisite qualities for the intending emigrant.

The discovery of gold in California has attracted American attention to Central America, for the route *via* Greytown is the nearest of all others for the gold-seeker. It was by this road that our author proceeded on his expedition to Costa Rica, the promised land of German emigrants. The passage from New Orleans is expensive, for it costs

* Die Republik Costa Rica in Central Amerika, Reisestudien und Skizzen aus den Jahren 1853 und 1854. Von Dr. Moritz Wagner und Dr. Carl Sherzer. Leipzig: Arnoldsche Buchhandlung. 1856.

75 dollars, and the boats are not at all well arranged. Hence Dr. Wagner was not sorry when they came in sight of San Juan del Norte. The harbor is so shallow, that the travellers are obliged to land in boats, for which a dollar is charged. The first object was to get away from Greytown as fast as possible, and for this purpose they paid a visit to the German consular agent, to seek his advice and assistance in reaching as safely and cheaply as possible San José, the capital city of Costa Rica. The consul not being at home, they were obliged to make themselves known to *madame son épouse*, who stared at them with amazement, for although well acquainted with Californian gold-diggers, American speculators and adventurers of every degree, Irish beggars, German artisans, and Hungarian refugees, she had never before set her eyes on German naturalists and doctors of philosophy. Hence she had considerable doubt in estimating the relative value of a German *filosofo* when weighed against Spanish pesos, and could not answer any inquiry as to prices. Her husband, however, on arriving, soon showed the high value he set on his visitors by asking them 100 dollars for a boat up to the *Muelle*, on the Sarapiquí. In addition, he gave them so bad an account of the perils they would have to undergo, and the uncertainty of meeting with mules, that they were almost inclined to give up their proposed scheme, and visit Costa Rica from the Pacific side, after making a tour through Nicaragua. In their uncertainty they went to a native don, who asked them 60 dollars for a three-oared boat, which is a striking proof of the benefit travellers meet with by not applying to their countrymen abroad for any aid. After finishing their business satisfactorily, our travellers found time to have a look at the town.

"San Juan del Norte, or Greytown, is probably the most wretched town in the whole of America, which, till now, neither the importance of its geographical position nor the excellence of its harbor has been able to redeem. The difference between North and Central America is here very visible. When a town starts into life in the furthest deserts of the Western States, its embryo possesses a certain degree of grandeur, which gives an intimation of the future giant. In the midst of the little cabins we notice at the outset three or four-storied

colossi, and no two years pass without towns rising, churches and schools being built, and newspapers published at spots where a few years before buffaloes were hunted and wild ducks shot. A recent and most surprising instance of this nature is found at the Council Bluffs, on the Missouri. There the wigwams of the Omahas and Pawnees still stand close to the settlement, and yet American speculators have already erected magnificent hotels, which in size and space are not inferior to many a German palace. In San Juan several of the better class of houses owe their erection to American speculators. But the Yankees generally display but slight inclination to plant their dollars in this foreign soil until they are the actual possessors. Whenever the starry banner of the 'Union' flutters over the port of Greytown, gigantic hotels and four-storied houses will spring up with greater rapidity than in the deserts of the Upper Missouri. Trade and profit have a certain future in this isthmus, through the growing importance of the West, and the many-headed Colossus will never give up anything on which it has once laid its clutches. As long as the political state of the town is doubtful, and various pretenders lay claim to its possession, it will never become a seaport of the first class, in spite of its political importance. Greytown has now assumed the character of a free town, choosing its authorities after the English fashion, and arranging its own affairs. The Mosquito King still holds to his pretensions of sovereignty, and the two republics have not given up their claims. The town itself is traversed by regular streets with quadrangular *plazas*. Nearest the landing-place is Victoria-square, on which stands the British consulate and the Protestant church. Then follow, parallel with the beach, King George and Palmerston squares. They are surrounded by boardhouses and warehouses, and the weeds grow luxuriously in the pavement. The western border of these squares is formed by the long Shepherd-street, in which the principal hotels are. The harbor of Greytown is of a horseshoe shape, and protected against the violence of the wind by a narrow strip, or *puntilla*, running from east to west. There is plenty of good anchorage, although in parts shallow. The disadvantages of the port are: its smallness, narrow entrance, the number of sandbanks, and the distance from the anchorage to the landing-wharf. As until now only steamers have made use of the port, and no great merchantmen unloaded, the last evil has not been felt so perceptibly."

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perous portion of the population at Greytown; English and North Americans supply the larger contingent; native Nicaraguans, principally *misticos*, with a prominence of Indian blood, form the lower class, and serve as porters and oarsmen. A few have also small shops and bar-rooms. They are generally described as a lazy, impudent, and vagabond set of scamps. The political revolutions, which have punished Nicaragua far more than Costa Rica, and the anarchy which accompany them, have utterly destroyed the character of the population. A mass of lazy vagabonds have grown accustomed to assemble under the banners of some political leader, and, in his pay, eat their *tortillas* without working for them. The Californian passengers bring the most money to Greytown, and enliven trade. With the arrival of each steamer a peculiar state of excitement is produced here. The sailing-boats put off to catch victims: the hotel-keepers make preparations for their guests; the brown girls put on their tinsel and finery. The passengers going westward are quieter and more saving than those homeward-bound, but are less courted. In former days, when the individual gold-seeker filled his pockets with hardly any labor, Greytown was notorious for murders and robberies. Now-a-days, however, many a man comes back from California as poorer, perchance, poorer—than he went there.

According to the custom of the country, Don Alvaredo was not punctual. He had promised the boat should be ready at day-break; it was nearly midday ere he made his appearance. After repeating his assurance that they would reach the Muelle in three days, he received his money and took his leave. The three boatmen belonged to the same number of races. The steerer was a Spanish creole, one of the oarsmen a powerful negro, and the other a young Indian, bearing some traces of an admixture of Spanish blood. In the port the Indian and negro were rather respectably dressed, *i. e.* they wore at least short trousers. On the voyage they made themselves quite at home; they only kept on the necklace and cross and the palm-hat, but exposed the rest of their persons to the burning rays of a midday tropical sun. Such a proceeding, however, is not advisable for Europeans, for our travellers soon had the skin burnt off every por-

tion of their body which was exposed. The Rio San Juan is rather a fine river, about eighty miles in length, with a breadth, up to its confluence with the Sarapiquí, of about 800 yards. Its depth varies from four to forty feet, and its water has a dirty green, yellowish tinge. It is filled with islands clothed with magnificent vegetation, and both banks possess a splendid display of the tropical Flora.

"We stopped for the night on a sandy spot, where our boatmen soon discovered a fine nest of tortoise-eggs. The spot is detected by the marks left by the tortoise when landing at night. The eggs are generally imbedded at a depth of two or three feet. To make sure of the spot a pointed stick is thrust into the ground. It pierces the eggs, and the yolk adhering to the stick evidences the presence of the nest, which generally contains from eighty to a hundred eggs of the size of a pigeon's. After refreshing ourselves with a bath and a frugal meal, we lay down under the punting-poles, which our people had thrust into the ground, and over which we had stretched a couple of blankets and an oilskin to protect us from the rain. Owing to our utter ignorance of the country and the character of its inhabitants, we were distrustful, and determined to take turn about in watching through the night. We had only that vague foreboding of unknown dangers which attacks every new comer in the tropics on his first bivouac in the forest. We knew nothing certain, but we thought that, being so near the river, some villanous alligator might pay us a nocturnal visit, or a bloodthirsty jaguar pounce upon us from the dense vegetation. After living and travelling a short time in these countries you grow to laugh at such fears—which are pardonable enough in a stranger—and despise dangers which at first terrify the fancy. It is true there are plenty of panthers in the forest and alligators in the river, but these are timid brutes, not daring to attack men—whose appearance, in fact, always frightens quadrupeds. But we more feared a night attack from murderous natives. The half-Indians, who passed us in their *bonjos*, looked wild and savage enough to be capable of any crime, and we considered the greatest caution with our own people necessary. In this respect, too, we afterwards modified our views and measures as soon as we had gained the conviction that the cowardice and indolence of the natives, more than their good nature, restrains them from crimes, in which they might apprehend considerable injury from the strenuous resistance of the assailed. Only a fortnight

later, when we noticed the prevalent confidence in Costa Rica and the harmless character of the natives, we accustomed ourselves to sleep calmly in the bivouac among utter strangers, and laughed at the comic figure we cut when, armed to the teeth with gun, knife, and pistols, we did the duty of sentinels on the bank of the Rio San Juan."

One great feature, however, which compelled our travellers' watchfulness, was the swarm of mosquitoes. The only way to guard against them is either by wrapping yourself from head to foot in blankets, but even then their disgusting, monotonous buzz penetrates, and scares away sleep. It may be imagined, then, our travellers were not sorry to welcome the approach of day, and the continuation of the voyage. At the mouth of the Sarapiquí they found several huts roofed with thick palm-leaves, employed as inns for the steam-boat passengers. One of them is kept by a German, the other belongs to Don Alvarado, who lets out the boats at Greytown. The prices were excessive; a wretched fowl cost $1\frac{1}{2}$ doll.; an egg, a real (6d.); and a piece of native sugar, which in a town costs not more than 3d., could not be purchased under half a dollar. As far as the Sarapiquí, steamers run, which keep up the communication between the two oceans, and are employed largely by Californian passengers. On the Sarapiquí, however, no steamer has yet been tried, although the importance of such a mode of transit makes us admire the indolence of the government in never having made the experiment. Costa Rica has at present no accessible port on the Atlantic. Morní is a bad and dangerous anchorage, exposed to all the power of the north-eastern gales. Boca del Toro is actually in the possession of Nueva Granada, and is also too far distant from the inhabited plateaux of Costa Rica. The only communication now kept up between San José and the Atlantic is *via* the Sarapiquí to Greytown. Goods can only be transported by this route in small quantities, owing to the expense of carriage in small rowing boats. They principally consist of valuable objects, luggage, or articles of manufacture, not to be found at the moment in the shops of San José which are ordered from New York. Travellers, however, going to Europe or the United States, always select this route. An American, by the name of Forrest, indeed, made offers to

establish a line of steamers to run from the Muelle of the Sarapiquí to its confluence with the San Juan; but till now no steps have been taken in the matter.

On the third day the Muelle was reached. A few pale-faced fellows, of most consumptive appearance, were sitting in their shirts on the bank, and looked fixedly at the travellers without uttering a syllable of welcome. In any civilized town they would have been taken for denizens of an hospital let out for an airing; here they were Costa Rican warriors, stationed in the huts for the defence of the frontier. The corporal, who could not be distinguished from the privates even by a cleaner shirt, was general-in-chief, in the absence of the real commandant, who had gone to San Juan on matters of business. He could not read, and the steerer was forced to decipher for him the letter of recommendation which Dr. Wagner had with him, addressed to all the authorities with whom he might be brought in contact.

"Discipline and organization appeared in this guard to be in an exact ratio to their costume. The naked-legged corporal had not sufficient authority over his soldiers to send one of them to the nearest mule station. At the Muelle there are no mules, owing to the lack of pasturage or fodder. The three small huts, covered with palm leaves, with their inartistic walls of sunken stones, stand in the centre of a forest glade where the trees have been cleared within a circuit of about 500 yards; but with the exception of a few pisangs and melon-trees, there is not the slightest trace of cultivation. The ground around was covered with the densest crop of weeds. The papayas, or melon-trees (*Carica Papay*), are not very tall, but were covered, on our visit, with a melon-shaped fruit, with a green husk, about the size of a child's head. One of the trunks was inclosed in the skin of a boa constrictor, which the soldiers had killed in the vicinity. At first we were treated very coolly and haughtily. Our boatmen were compelled to help in carrying our luggage ashore. By degrees, however, we became on better terms, and the soldiers willingly gave us a share of their scanty fare, as our provisions were quite exhausted—papayas and bananas, which we would not touch through apprehension of fever, and the magnificent coffee of the country, which we heartily enjoyed. One of the soldiers was suffering from a severe fever, and all of them—the whole garrison consisting of only half a dozen men—appeared suffering, weak, and hungry. One of them

acted as forester, and returned home the same evening with a wild turkey he had shot, which he would not sell us, although we offered him a piastre. Through the difficulty of shooting in the dense virgin forest, fresh meat was a rarity at the Muelle. The commandant demanded a piastre for each of his lean hens, and behaved as if it were a favor to let us have them at the price. As there were no mules to be had, and none of the unhappy soldiers displayed any inclination to go for us to San Miguel, even for a considerable offer, no other choice was left us than resignation and the uncertain hope that accident would bring some traveller into these parts, on whose mules we could continue our journey through the forests to the capital, San José, on the lofty range of the Cordilleras."

Our travellers remained, *volentes volentes*, a week at the Muelle, as it was impossible to get on. Emigrants are earnestly warned by Dr. Wagner, before their departure from Greytown, to order mules to meet them, through some mercantile house at San José; or, if travelling in large numbers, to send on a messenger conversant with the language. The compulsory stay at the landing-place offers neither conveniences nor the necessary resources. Wholesome provisions for a large body are not to be obtained even by purchase, and the mosquitoes and other vermin render the nights in the open huts extremely unpleasant. It is advisable, therefore, to take at least sufficient provisions for a fortnight, principally rice, biscuit, and good brandy, a moderate use of which, in this damp atmosphere, is beneficial to the health. Two small companies of emigrants, who went up the Sarapiquí a few years back without taking such precautions, had to pay a bitter penalty for their neglect. They lay for weeks on the Sarapiquí and San Juan without advancing. More than one-half of the emigrants fell ill. Several died at the guard-house, others at San Miguel. All repented of having taken so much luggage and so little provision with them.

At length Dr. Sherzer set out on a half-starved mule, which had brought two Frenchmen down from San José, for San Miguel, in order to procure the requisite beasts for us, and continue his journey with a guide. During his absence Dr. Wagner killed time with botanizing, insect-chasing, fishing, shooting, and walks through the forest. After a while, too, the garrison became more

civilized and confidential. They had at first been frightened at the fire-arms, but appeared highly pleased when they discovered they had to do with persons as peaceful as themselves. Through the difficulty of procuring provisions from the interior, and the heavy expense of water carriage from Greytown, these soldiers were reduced to the most simple diet. They live almost exclusively on bananas, which, when plucked green from the tree and boiled, have a by no means unpleasant taste, resembling the potato; but are extremely indigestible. The soldiers ate the *papayas* raw. They had none of the tortillas so common in the country—a thin cake of maize flour—nor beans, which are generally found in Costa Rica on the table of the poorest man; and when the sportsman—as was so repeatedly the case—returned home with empty pockets, they had no other sauce for their wretched fare than coffee. Owing to the miserable food, it was not a matter of surprise that so many were ill. The Costa Rican soldiers, however, are well paid, and in any other place than this desert spot the two reals they receive daily would amply suffice for good and wholesome food. A few days later the commandant of the garrison returned with some travellers and provisions from Greytown, and was received on the bank by his half-naked troops. The corporal, who stood at their head, had nothing on but a short shirt, scarcely reaching to his knees. The commandant, who wore spectacles and looked like a Spanish Jew, did not appear at all annoyed at this, nor did he seem to trouble his men much with parades and guard-mounting. He spoke a little English, and frankly confessed, that only the hope of gaining pesos rendered a stay in such a miserable spot endurable. With him four passengers had arrived, whom Dr. Wagner had met before among the Californians on board the steamer, one of them being an American carpenter nearly seven feet high, with a sharply-cut, unpleasant face, who, as was afterwards heard, had murdered his wife, and fancied probably he could find safer concealment in Costa Rica than among the diggers on the Feather River. The others were a Swiss confectioner, a Scotch mechanic, and a Ragusan, who had led a most adventurous and strange life, and had fought in the American campaign against Mexico. In this pleasant

company Dr. Wagner set out *en route* for San José.

The passage through the forest was, in reality, no joke. The road from the valley of the Sarapiquí to the crest of the Cordilleras is so narrow, and the trees on either side are so tall and thick, that there are only a few spots where a sunbeam can force its way through. The whole year long the soil is damp, nor is that dry season at all known which prevails on the Pacific coasts for four or five months. But, on the occasion when Dr. Wagner made his journey, things were worse than ever. A few weeks before, the rainy season had set in at an unusually early date; the rivulets had become streams, the streams rivers. The clay super-soil was completely soaked through to a depth of several feet. The poor mules found great difficulty in advancing, and frequently sank in up to the girths. The first day's journey hence consisted of only a couple of leagues, and the night quarters were a solitary cabin, round which the forest had been cleared for only a few feet. It was impossible to go in any direction more than ten paces, without being stopped by vegetation. It is needless to say that no one lives at the Rancho, which is only intended for the protection of travellers. The *kibitke* of the Calmuck, the *gurbis* of the Kabyle, may be called comfortable when compared with these wretched huts, which are perfectly open to the weather, for the Indian only cares to have a covering overhead, and is not at all apprehensive of damp. The following quotation will give a good idea of forest travelling in Costa Rica:

"The next day our journey was continued to San Miguel. The road was possibly worse than it had been previously. The mules were utterly exhausted by the continual wading through the clay. The long American's animal fell thrice with its rider, and, as it could not be induced to go any farther, the long-legged Yankee was compelled to do a great portion of the day's journey on foot. The creeping plants, which frequently grow across the path, entangled round the mule's legs, and had repeatedly to be torn away. Many times, too, the rider was menaced with the fate of Absalom, at least as far as the hanging by the hair was concerned, and only a most respectful bow saved him and his shock; branches, which we frequently had to bend back in order to progress, returned with such elastic force

that they wounded our faces. Fallen trees forced us to leap over them, or ride round through the bushes, to get out of their way. San Miguel, which consists of several reed huts, lies in the undulating plateau of a wooded height, which has been cleared for about a mile in circumference. Grass and low herbs grow up instead of trees and bushes. Here we saw for the first time again cattle grazing. The cows are of a middle size, with horns bowed forwards, and have, like all the cows of this country, the bad practice of never giving milk without the calf being by their side. Mules grazed here in large quantities, and greedily devoured the green food, which had grown up half a foot in the last weeks from the heavy rains. For Don Sancho, these animals are a source of wealth. This man has been living here thirteen years, and the indolence of his neighbors leaves him the lucrative monopoly of expediting travellers from Sarapiquí. Although, however, Don Sancho earned plenty of money by his mules, and by lodging travellers, his abode was most miserably furnished. We were obliged to put up with poor food and bad sleeping-places. Tortillas, beans, eggs, and bananas, with a little milk, are the only food which the rich and poor enjoy in this country. For this, too, we had to pay about double what would have procured us a dainty meal of twenty dishes at the *Römischer Kaiser*, in Frankfort-on-the-Main. And Don Sancho appeared to regard it as a favor that he received us at all. This old Sir Giles Overreach had not done the least thing to recompense his travellers for the awful way in which he treated them. I slept in a narrow hammock, out of which I tumbled twice in the night, and under which the dogs barked and fought. My companion slept on a wooden bench, under which the pigs had their sleeping quarters. Our other travelling companions were no better lodged. The whole evening Don Sancho prayed with his family and his lads. The names of the Virgin, St. Joseph, and other Santos, were often implored in Latin and Spanish for intercession, which the old sinner certainly required most necessarily. On the next morning we had a violent dispute with Don Sancho. Under all sorts of pretexts he tried to keep us a day longer, in order to swindle us a little more. We were, however, so wearied of his poor tortillas and indigestible *frijoles*, as well as of his wretched quarters, that we made head against his eloquence, and forced him to expedite us on our journey, under the dismal threat of paying him nothing at all. For all that, he managed to delay our departure until midday, and exchanged some of the mules for half-starved

and wearied return horses, not at all fit to endure the fatigues of the mountain journey."

On leaving San Miguel the road led up to the mountains, and became worse than ever. The horses broke down, and the passengers had to walk through liquid lakes of mud. All were glad to arrive at the end of this fatiguing day at Carri-Blanco, where they found an hospitable reception from the landlord and his very pretty wife. But, for all that, they could procure no other food than bad tortillas and a few eggs. He would not part with a fowl, although a dollar was offered him for each specimen. As all were very hungry, and could neither appease their stomach with healthy food nor find any sleeping-quarters, except a choice between a hard bed and the still harder ground, there were plenty of oaths in German and English, as well as sighs of resignation. The Yankee asserted that better lodgings and food were to be found in the prisons of the United States, while the Scotchman declared that the pigs at home lodged in more comfortable sties than "God's own images," in a country where the Creator had dispensed with unsparing hand the blessings of fertility and healthy atmosphere. The German travellers expressed themselves somewhat more mildly, but could not refrain, when a cool wind blew over the damp ground on which they lay, from groaning and lamenting in audible terms over a country in itself so beautiful, but so impeded in progress by the gross laziness of its inhabitants. The next night was spent at Vara-Blanca, in a mountain hut, where a poor sick man, who had not even coffee to offer our travellers, spent a wretched life:

"His only mode of existence was by furnishing the road-makers with bad beams and selling maize to the mule-drivers, as no pasturage is to be found in the neighborhood, which is only cleared for a few paces. The sick man begged us for some remedy against a cough, which was a chronic trouble to him. He appeared a good-tempered fellow, gave us the little he had without taking any money for it, and told us various episodes out of his miserable, solitary forest life, in which only the appearance of a tiger (jaguar), a lucky shot at bennos, armadillos, prairie hens, or the transient stay of travellers, formed any variety. He possessed an awful weapon in the shape of a gun, which he had to pull at least half a dozen times

before it would go off, and as so much politeness is not to be expected from the jaguars that they will wait till the rusty old piece thinks proper to go off, the good man's life seems to be here in constant danger. Only the fact that these brutes have a certain degree of respect for men, and never feel a deficiency of quadruped food, has probably saved him. The old man told me that, a few weeks before our arrival, a stately jaguar had proposed to pay him a visit. As soon, however, as the tiger had cast a glance into the wretched hut, and seen the consumptive old gentleman with his chronic cough, it began to perceive that there was nothing here worthy for him to exercise his jaws upon. In long majestic paces the tiger returned to the forest, though not without growling a terrific addios to the terrified old man. 'But why did you not shoot the brute?' we asked him. 'I tried to do so,' he replied; 'but I pulled six times and yet the gun would not go off!'

At Vara-Blanca our traveller heard the note of a new bird singing most harmoniously. He found, on inquiry, that it was called the *eilgero*, and was told it was of a grayish green color, and always remained in the densest thicket or on the top of the highest trees. The Indians are said to bring down these birds, without killing them, by means of blunted arrows covered with birdlime. In San José, so Dr. Wagner's host informed him, 100 piastres were paid for a specimen, but on inquiring there at a later date he could procure no accurate details about the *eilgero*. The Doctor declares that its song is the most entrancing in the world, and far superior to anything that can be heard in Europe. The summit of the pass is reached at Desenzano, where bread can be procured for the first time on the journey, and there is also a Casa di Gobierno, a large roofed house for travellers and road-makers. The road also became much better, and locomotion was practised in comfort. The view from the summit is glorious in the extreme; extending over the various chains and conical volcanic mountains, the plateaux and Alpine gorges of the Andes of Costa Rica. From here, too, are visible the Pacific, and the picturesque range of hills belting the Bay of Nicoya. In the vicinity of Heredia cultivation commences. Sugar plantations, maize-fields, pisang-gardens, and meadows cover the country, and at last the coffee-tree, planted in regular rows, makes its appear-

ance for the first time. At about a mile from Heredia the first wagons were met, with two clumsy solid wheels, and drawn by oxen. They are the very worst possible machines that could be invented, and betray the still low state of the young republic. By night the town of Heredia was reached, where our travellers were received with Spanish politeness and disinterested hospitality by a friend of Don Sancho's.

"The next day was Sunday, and paid all honor to its name. The cloudless sky glistened like the purest crystal above our heads, and the sun burned fiercely. While we swallowed our breakfast—the magnificent Costa Rican coffee—all our fatigues and sufferings were forgotten. We thought no more of the morasses, of the deep mud-holes, the fallen trees, and mosquitoes, nor of Don Sancho's hawk-like nose and impudent cheating, but solely of the palms, the eilgero, the colibris, the noisy fall of the 'Angel's River:' of all the magnificent, beautiful, glorious scenery we had witnessed on our journey, but more especially of Don Ramon's disinterested hospitality and his polite attentions. The entire plateau of Costa Rica, with its *haciendas*, *porteros*, coffee plantations, and banana thickets, lay extended before us like a boundless paradise of the most refreshing verdure. Heredia is the chief town of a department, containing, in addition, the village of Barba and a large number of haciendas. Its population is estimated by Molenos at 17,290 souls. The houses are nearly all one-storied on account of the earthquakes, as in all Central American towns, and have heavy wooden-tiled roofs as a defence against the torrents of rain. The entire population, as is here the custom on Sundays, was parading the streets, and that curiosity, which is the most prominent characteristic of the new Spaniards, was displayed in its most striking colors. The houses unoccupied were surrounded by swarms of curious barefooted people. The dress of the majority consisted of a small round straw-hat, a white or colored shirt, washed clean for Sunday, a gay waistbelt, drill trowsers of various colors, and nothing more. Only the aristocracy wore shoes, and a mantle-shaped woollen blanket over the shirt. As pious Christians we visited the church, which possesses two stumpy quadrangular towers in the Byzantine style. The interior is rougher than any we saw in the East. High mass was just being performed. Priests in brilliant robes moved round the altar, fiddles and violoncellos squeaked and growled, the bell pealed, the incense smoked, the pious auditory,

mostly women, lay on their knees and crossed themselves at each peal of the bell. The plate, too, was being sent round, quite covered with reals and quartos, the pious offerings of the faithful congregation to 'Mother Church,' who has as good a stomach here as among us, and can equally well digest gold and silver.

"While things were going on sacredly enough inside, in spite of the waltz tunes which struck up at intervals, a dense mass of beings was collected on the large grass-grown plaza in front of the cathedral. Sunday is market-day; eggs and butter, bananas and beans were being bought and sold. Even rockets were let off in quantities, and no one saw in it any desecration of the Sabbath, or disturbance of the religious ceremonies taking place in the church."

San José does not possess any lofty steeples, and the houses are so low that the traveller only perceives he has reached it on leaving behind the coffee plantations and pisang gardens, and riding through the streets themselves. Still the town bears such close affinity to a village, that Dr. Wagner was compelled to inquire repeatedly before he could believe that he had really arrived at San José, the capital of the fairy land of Costa Rica. This town has never yet been described by any traveller, and hence we will quote Dr. Wagner's account *in extenso*:

"San José is built on a hill, watered at the base by the Rio Torres and the Rio Maria Aguilar. These two rivers supply the population with drinking water during the dry season, and pour into the Rio Grande de Costa Rica, which flows through wild ravines and dense forests to the Pacific Ocean. The streets of the town rise and sink on the slope of the hill, but are laid with some attempt at regularity, and intersect each other at right angles. The pavement, consisting of the river pebbles, leaves much to be improved. Only few houses have an upper floor, but the majority are ornamented with verandahs, looking out on the street, or court-yard. The usual building material is dried clay, mixed up with twigs, and kept together by cross-beams attached to the supports of the roof. The roofs themselves are covered with clumsy shingles, as a defence against the rain. Light flat tiles, zinc or tin roofs, which would be far better adapted to a country so exposed to earthquakes, seem to be quite unknown here. Many houses have no glass windows, and only receive light by leaving the door open. The principal rooms have

stone pavement, and wooden flooring is an exception. Not a house is without a courtyard, which is frequently planted with flowers, maize, and pisangs, or overgrown with untrimmed bushes and trees. The internal arrangement of the house is, even among the wealthiest persons, extremely simple. A table, an old commode, a long wooden bench, or a dozen chairs drawn up along the walls, and the inevitable hammock of gay stuff, which takes the place of the expensive sofa, and is a more comfortable article than divan or rocking-chairs to the owner, who is a true devotee of the *dolce far niente*. Mirrors are rare; the crucifix and a few pictures of saints, and a few copper-plate engravings on the whitewashed walls, complete the scanty ornaments of the reception room. The rich are, of course, a little more comfortable. The walls of their rooms are generally covered with gay paper of very questionable taste. They have also stuffed chairs, and perhaps a sofa in addition to the hammock. But even in the houses of the first people, even in that of the President of the Republic, or of his brother, the general, who owns the very productive gold mines on the Aguacato, and valuable coffee haciendas, there is none of that comfort which the English and Americans alone seem to understand, and which Michel Chevalier himself allows is unknown in France. Dr. Castro, the late president of the republic, has the best-furnished room in San José; but that is not saying much."

There is not a single public building which strikes the European as remarkable. The government house, the barracks with a wooden gallery and tall flag-staff, the university, the theatre, are all unpretending buildings, which would not be thought at home suited even for private dwelling-houses. The new national palace, which is being built under the superintendence of a German architect, promises something better. The material is a light gray earthy trachyte, full of feldspath and crystals, which is easily worked. The building progresses slowly, owing to the lack of good bricklayers and carpenters, and is principally carried on by convicts in chains, who, however, through the national predilection for idleness, exert themselves as little as the free laborers. The churches in San José are also smaller and meaner than in any other Catholic country. Those of *del Carmen* and *de la Merced* are not worth describing. The cathedral, which has only in its favor its position on the eastern side of the great

open plaza in the highest part of the town, is quite insignificant.

The population of the capital of Costa Rica amounts to 15,000 or 16,000 souls. This number is the result of various inquiries which Dr. Wagner made, for there are no accurate statistical tables through the whole of the state. The census laid before congress in the year 1849 gives the population of the entire department of San José, including the surrounding villages and haciendas, at 31,750. On Saturday, the weekly market, this rural population pours into the town, and affords a favorable opportunity for studying the physiognomy of the people of Costa Rica. The large plaza, which forms a tolerably regular square, and can hold about ten thousand persons, is full of animation from seven in the morning of Saturday. The better the roads and the weather, the greater the number of visitors, who amount on fine days to 7000 or 8000, while the money turned over is estimated at about 14,000 piastres.

"On looking down upon the market-place from the lofty steps of the cathedral, a certain picturesque effect cannot be denied, although the costume of the country is rather monotonous. The female portion is about one-fifth more numerous than the male, and naturally much better looking. Handsome men are a great rarity among the populace of Costa Rica, though pretty girls are often met with. The race has remained here more purely Spanish than in any other part of Central America. Still the admixture of Indian blood is perceptible in many faces, and it may be assumed on the average, that, among the rustic population, every fifth person has traces more or less perceptible of a fusion of races, while among the townfolk the proportion is much more in favor of the unmixed blood, and hardly the twentieth person we meet reminds us of the Indian type. The men are generally of middle height, and tolerably well built, though of a lazy, careless carriage, with browned faces, almost without exception black-haired, ordinary foreheads, small black eyes, ugly broad noses, which like the projecting cheek-bones appear by the slightest admixture of race, betray the peculiar Indian type. We frequently see, too, very ugly, copper-tinged, remarkable gipsy faces. Straw or Palmetto hats, with narrow brims, are the usual head covering. Over the skirts, on cool or rainy days, a striped blanket, as over-garment, trousers of striped twill or calico, no shoes. Above nine-tenths

of the population of Costa Rica go barefooted, or, through saving or convenience, never put on shoes on working-days. Even the children of respectable merchants generally run about barefooted until ten years of age. The aristocracy of San José, that is, the rich coffee-planters and merchants, dress after the French fashion, like lightly-fitting clothes, and pay much attention to elegant head coverings, consisting of Parisian silk hats, or Panama straw hats, of very fine texture, with narrow brims.

"The women wear very small straw or Palmetto hats of the same shape as the men. They only allow them to cover the upper portion of their beautiful hair. Round their necks they wear two or three chains of beads or metal, with crosses and pictures of saints. Earrings are not in vogue, but any amount of finger-rings makes up for it. The dress of flowered print, under which the naked foot peeps out, only reaches to the hips. The upper portion of the body is covered by a light white chemise, of very transparent texture. When they go out, they throw over them the gaily-colored *riposo*, a long wrapper, to the beauty and design of which great importance is attached. The majority of the girls and young women have full, long, raven-black hair, which they arrange very nicely, and wear in long tails. At times this hair possesses a silky gloss, and is then extraordinarily beautiful. The brow is regular, and generally handsome, the eyebrows remarkably weak, the eyes large, black, and very piercing. The nose, on the contrary, is rarely handsome, being generally too broad. The noble Grecian nose, which is frequently found among the women of Andalusia and Castile, is never noticed here. The mouth is finely formed, and the teeth are generally as white as ivory. Nearly all the Costa Rican women are brunettes. According to the mixture of blood and the mode of life, the brown tint becomes more or less perceptible. A white complexion and rosy cheeks are the greatest possible rarity. However, the complexion is far superior to that of the Creole women in the Antilles. The higher class of ladies in the towns are not so handsome as the young women and girls in the country, but they last longer, as they are not exposed to the sun and the rain, have more wholesome dwellings, and better food. I saw in San José many women between thirty and forty years of age who looked quite youthful, while peasant women at the same age have grown quite old and ugly."

The first traders to make their appearance on the market-place are generally the

trucheros, or perambulating pedlars. The articles most in demand are cloth stuffs, flowered and striped prints, long gaudy shawls, cotton and silk handkerchiefs, all of cheap sorts. In these shops no articles of native industry are to be found. Some sixteen years ago, before coffee was sent as an article of barter to England, there was so little money among the country people, that they all wore homespun. Wages have since then been doubled, the worth of the products of the country is tripled, while the importation of cheap English wares put a stop to native manufactures. Guatemala supplies the striped blankets for the men, and Chili the long-haired saddle-cloths of various colors. In the booths, glass and earthenware are to be found, generally English or German, but of the most ordinary description; knives, scissors, iron cookery implements, and the long *machetes* are all of English origin. The *machetes*, which are fabricated in England solely for these countries, are knives shaped like a sabre, an inch and a half broad, and from one to two feet long, with a horn handle, and a leathern sheath. They serve the natives for every possible purpose. The trader cuts his cheese with it, the butcher kills his cattle, the messenger to the Sarapiquí cuts his way with it through bushes and creeping plants. They are also very serviceable as a defence against men and wild animals. They cost from 2 to 6 piastres. The native manufactures are the common *albardos*, saddles covered with ox-hides, leather straps, and *alforgas*, or saddle-bags. Straw wefts for blankets, Palmetto hats, rosaries, plaited hammocks, and rough guitars, are principally made by the settled, half-civilized Indians of the country. The hats, which form an important feature of the market, are of very various prices and quality, extending from 2 reals to 4 piastres. The finest Palmetto hats, which are brought from Ecuador, Peru, and Panama, cost as much as 30 piastres. England is the chief supplier of fancy articles, while Germany sends playthings, glass wares of the commonest description, painted pictures of saints, Bremen soap, eau-de-Cologne, &c. Rice and cocoa are sold in open bags; the former in quantities, the latter by number. The cocoa beans, which are also used as small change (for there is no copper coinage, and the smallest silver money is half a real), are

obtained principally from Guayaquil, in the state of Ecuador.* It is a favorite beverage of the natives, and preferred by them to coffee. Unrefined brown sugar, known by the name of *dulce*, is brought to market in large flat cakes, weighing a pound and a half each.

Fruit and vegetables, eggs and poultry, butter and cheese, are sold by women, who squat on the ground and puff light clouds of smoke from their paper cigarettes. The exquisite southern fruits, which are to be purchased for a trifle, excite the admiration and appetite of new arrivals from the north. Bananas, or Paradise figs, in gigantic clusters, 50 lbs. weight, of the most varying size and excellence, are here very common. In the dry season so many can be purchased for a real, that it is difficult to carry them home, and they support a family for several days. The oranges are very well flavored, larger and more juicy than the Portuguese; like the lemons, they last the whole year round, and two dozen may be purchased for half a real. Pine-apples are scarcer in the neighborhood of San José than in the lower regions, and, in comparison with the other fruits, are dear. Still, a very good one can be bought for half a real. But the best fruit in the country, both plentiful and cheap, is the *anona*, somewhat larger than the pomegranate, of the shape of a pine cone; its meat is white, full of long, bright brown seeds, very aromatic, and possessing a very agreeable strawberry flavor. The *grenadillos* bear some resemblance to the pomegranate of Southern Europe, but are rather smaller, and of a more delicate flavor. The *agnacates* are also a very peculiar fruit, which may be aptly called vegetable-butter. The San José market is not supplied with our favorite vegetables. Various attempts have been made to cultivate them, but without success, probably resulting from the ignorance of treatment, or the peculiarity of tropical seasons. A few sorts, such as beet-root and cauliflower, would be sure to grow well, and would soon become a favorite article of food. Potatoes are not in any great demand, and are principally grown in the neighborhood of Cartago. The wretched country butter costs 3 or 4 reals per lb.; cheese, 1½ real per lb.; a young fowl from 1

to 2 reals; a dozen eggs 1 real. The prices of the principal articles of domestic food are excessively high, in spite of the great fertility and the lowness of wages.

At the time when Dr. Wagner visited San José there was only one inn, kept by an Englishman, who charged 10 reals a day for board and lodging. It was the head-quarters of a club, in which *monte* was played, and woe betide the traveller who did not join in the gambling; he was very soon left to his own resources. Play, in fact, is the most powerful passion with the Hispaniolans, from Mexico to Chili. In eating and drinking they are very moderate, and shun any expense for it. The most dainty dishes and the best wines only attract a few gourmands, who have brought back this custom from their travels in Europe. But for play, the rich man and the poor have their purse ever open. According to law, hazard-playing is forbidden in all public places, except the Sunday cock-fights. Strangers, who stay any length of time in San José, would do well to hire their own house, and furnish it simply. A small house of three or four rooms may be hired for 10 piastres a month. Larger houses, solidly built of stone, cost from 40 to 50 dollars. The family man must hire a cook, who expects 4 to 6 piastres per month, but performs no duties out of her own department, except going to market. A man-servant is, therefore, also requisite, at about 5 dollars a month, who will keep the rooms clean, and look after the horses. Family boarding-houses are unknown in Costa Rica. The only Spanish house which takes in boarders, more for accommodation than profit, is opposite the National Palace. You get here three meals a day, and German bread instead of the miserable tortillas, for 15 piastres a month. For a European family living in Costa Rica is very expensive, if any pretensions to comfort are made. As we have already mentioned, household economics are very high. Milk is thrice or four times dearer than in Southern Germany. A pound of beef costs 1 real (6d.). Veal is not to be procured even in the capital, for it is not the farmers' custom to kill their calves: even rice costs half a real per pound. Good butter and cheese are imported from England, although there is excellent pasturage in the country. Few lands have such excellent soil for growing maize,

* The custom of using cocoa berries as coin was prevalent among the old Mexicans, and was found by the Spaniards when they conquered the kingdom.

and yet pig-keeping is greatly neglected, and all the hams are imported from the United States.

All European manufactures are nearly half as dear again as with us. Apothecaries are not satisfied with less than three hundred per cent. Physicians expect a piastre for a visit at a respectable house, and four reals from the poorer classes. All foreign artisans are very high in price, while the natives work very badly and carelessly. A black hat costs from six to eight piastres (25s. to 35s.); a pair of boots five to six piastres, and those do not last half so long as solid English work. A black coat costs twenty-five piastres, a pair of cloth trousers ten. A French tailor, who came six years ago to San José with a pound in his pocket, is now a rich coffee hacienda proprietor, with an income of 20,000 francs, and still continues his trade. But there are other professions which would do well in Costa Rica, among which we may mention more especially sugar refiners, which simple art is here unknown. White sugar is imported from Cuba or England, while the sugar cane in Costa Rica is far superior to any growing in the Antilles. Other good trades we may mention are: shoemakers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, blacksmiths, bricklayers, saddlers, batters, &c., especially if they can manage to harmonize with the customs and manners of the country. A few good physicians, who, however, must bring their own drugs with them, would do well here. Several American and German doctors have already made their fortune. Washing is also a very expensive luxury: you pay a piastre for washing a dozen shirts. Furniture, too, is very expensive, for it is all imported from England. An iron bedstead costs thirty piastres, a mattress fifteen, a wooden chair three. But the best and most certain employment for a European is agriculture. Any one with capital and skill, who would start as farmer near enough to the town to be able to visit the market regularly during the rainy season, could make a fortune by the sale of vegetables and milk alone. He could join to this the growing of coffee, which is the most valuable of all the crops.

The merchants form the most respected class of society in Costa Rica. In this country every one is more or less engaged in trade, from the President of the Republic,

who has a large store, and exports his own coffee to England, down to the *Beon* or porter, whose wife sells tapes and cigars, while her husband goes to work at some hacienda. A curious instance of this we will quote:

"How difficult it is to overthrow innate feelings and assume the habits of a foreign race is seen in the life-history of a man, who, by his natural talent, his knowledge of mankind and the world, is as prominent in society as through his political position. I allude to Don José Manuel Carago, minister of war and finance to the republic, and *de facto* leader of its policy and administration. Carago spent several years in the United States, where he acquired the English language. He had thus an opportunity to study closely the state mechanism of the most powerful republic in the world, and admire the immeasurable results which the Anglo-American genius has produced there. His stay in North America, however, only served to develop his Spanish character more fully. Carago, neither as state officer nor as a private individual, has formed himself on the American model. His talent has remained purely Spanish, without appropriating anything of the American element. As minister, he showed himself in all negotiations clever, cunning, practised, distrustful, and rich in paltry evasions; in trade he is always timid, cautious, and irresolute.

"As a private man he has never gone energetically into the great enterprises which promised gain in various parts of the country. He never showed any special inclination to promote the junction with the Atlantic, the restoration of the projected road to Limón and the Sarapiquí, the navigation of the Rio Grande, or the introduction of foreign capital and labor; but, as minister of finance, *he still kept his shop on*. As the most influential statesman of the republic, he continued to measure with his own hands ribbons and calico by the yard, and sell them in detail. Such is the Costa Rican taste! The richest merchant and coffee owner is glad to turn a penny by the meanest methods and most shameful extortion."

The people of Costa Rica are incomparably better than their neighbors, better than all the Hispaniolans and mixed races from Mexico to Buenos Ayres. This testimony is given by all travellers who have visited them. But the people are far from possessing the civic virtues of the Anglo-American race, and are probably devoted to a slow destruction as soon as the more powerful

Northern race settles by masses in this country. The greater portion of the nation only work to gain their living. The minority only strive to gain so much in addition, that they may enjoy an independent position. The restless activity and incessant desire of gain which impels the American to commence enterprises, not merely to enjoy comfort and luxury, but also to satisfy a strange human impetus, is utterly unknown to the effeminate Creole people of these zones. The vices and faults of the Costa Ricans are shared in common with all those belonging to the same race. Although more active and industrious than the inhabitants of Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua, they share with all the New Spaniards a decided propensity for indolence. Nothing so difficult as to arouse in this nation any persistent energy. The Costa Rican frequently grows enthusiastic for any great manifestation of civilization. For instance, he would gladly possess railways, steamers, electric telegraphs, but above all, the plump sacks of dollars, which industry and enterprise enable the Yankee to acquire; but in his attempts at imitation he generally falls back into his old indolence, as soon as he perceives the exertions and sacrifices which he must make to gain the desired end. One of the most distinguishing features of the Costa Rican is the uncertainty of his keeping a promise or bargain. Punctual and conscientious keeping to his word is one of the greatest rarities. All Hispaniolans share the same defect. Our author makes a remark on the character of the Costa Ricans, which deserves notice when we remember the present position of General Walker:

"A band of a few hundred adventurers, uniting the requisite discipline to courage and determination, could gain possession of this republic with the greatest ease. We cannot comprehend why the numerous vagabondizing political exiles have not hit on the idea of seizing Costa Rica by force, and founding a new fatherland here with the institutions they think the best. The peculiar geographical position of the country, and the physical condition of its frontier, would render it an easy task for a band of determined men to force their way in sooner than a large army could effect it. The adventurer, Colonel Kinney, would probably have been more successful through a march to Costa Rica, than by forming an armed settlement on the torrid, swampy coast of

Nicaragua, where the climate is so ruinous to the Northerner."

The result which Dr. Wagner draws from his travels in Costa Rica—which he visited thoroughly, although our space would not allow us to do more than attend to his residence in the chief city of the republic—is decidedly in favor of German emigration to Costa Rica. He is of opinion that emigrants possessing a small capital should unquestionably bend their steps to Central in preference to North America. Any one with about £300 at his disposal will find himself here happy and comfortable, and will be able to rear his family respectably. But the republic of Costa Rica is decidedly the best of the five states composing Central America.

In the first place, Costa Rica, as a mountainous country, possesses incomparably a more healthy and pleasant climate than any of the North American states. There is nothing here like the unendurable heat and killing frost of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and even Wisconsin. The climate, whose glorious mildness is occasioned by the elevation of the soil, allows the Northerner the freest use of his corporal energies, although the country is situated in the torrid zone. Even the rainy season, which lasts six months, has no terrors for the emigrant, for the rain seldom falls except during three or four hours in the afternoon. The mornings, however, during the rainy season, are generally bright and sunny, and the farmer always finds time to attend to his labors. The soil in Costa Rica is far more fertile than the best portions of Illinois or Ohio. There are almost everywhere two crops a year, and no manuring is requisite. In addition to the several corn varieties of the north and temperate zones, the most advantageous productions of the tropics flourish here; above all, the banana, the coffee-plant, sugar-cane, and cotton, which bear better crops than in the most favored portions of the West Indian islands. Wages, in comparison with North America, are remarkably low, and the value of the crops proportionally higher. Gentleman farmers, who generally fail in North America, get on capitally in Costa Rica. The capital laid out generally produces twenty to thirty per cent. with hired labor, and of course this is largely increased if the farmer and his

family work themselves. The most perfect political calm and personal security prevail in Costa Rica. The honest, peaceful character of the inhabitants, whom a severe critic would call abject and cowardly, furnishes a better guarantee for life and property than elsewhere, even in the best organized states of Europe.

The disadvantages connected with emigration to Costa Rica may be easily summed up. The mode of reaching it is more fatiguing and expensive to the European than a voyage to the United States. Nature and art have done very little to further intercommunication in the country. There are no great navigable rivers; no railways or steamers facilitate the export of the produce. The badly-made roads, which the government most shamefully neglects, are decent during the dry season, but almost impassable from the beginning of September to the middle of November. But we believe that these inconveniences are more than out-balanced by the excellence of the climate. Much has been said, too, about earthquakes and volcanic eruptions rendering Costa Rica a dangerous abode, but it is almost fabulous; light shocks are frequent enough, but are quite innocent: powerful ones occur scarcely once in a century. Still rarer are the great volcanic eruptions, only one of which has occurred in Costa Rica since the settlement of the Spaniards. If we calculate the loss of life which the country has suffered by such natural calamities, it amounts to about one life every two years, while yellow fever, bilious fever, and cholera, in many states of the Union, carry off thousands periodically.

Uncultivated land in all the different regions may be bought in almost any quantity. Costa Rica's population does not exceed 150,000, while its fertile soil (about equal in extent to Bavaria) could easily support 8,000,000. The most expensive land is in the vicinity of San José and Cartago, where the most productive coffee

plantations are established and where only rich owners of haciendas or clever market-gardeners could make it answer. But at a distance of twelve to fifteen miles from these towns the price of land is very moderate. In the neighborhood of Alapula and Heredia, on the terraces and slopes which attach the plateau to the Cordilleran chain, cleared land may be purchased very reasonably.

We have dwelt more fully on Dr. Wagner's arguments in favor of emigration to Costa Rica, because we believe they are equally applicable to our own migratory population. It is evident that Central America will fall a prey to the Yankee element before long unless some decided steps are taken to pre-occupy the land by the peaceful appliance of emigration. But why should the Germans be the sole possessors of the unnumbered good things which Costa Rica produces? We have plenty of half-starved hands at home who would gladly hail a deliverance from the pressure of poverty by emigration, and we believe that Costa Rica would be the very best possible field for our artisans, who are prevented from proceeding to Australia owing to their want of agricultural knowledge. But in Costa Rica, it is evident, by Dr. Wagner's showing, that skilled labor is in extreme demand, and working men can obtain almost fabulous prices.

We throw out this hint to the various emigration societies, as it might be worth their while to inquire into the truth of the statements Dr. Wagner has made, for, in all conscience, nothing would be more patriotic than to strive to rescue Central America from the clutches of the all-devouring Yankees, especially at a period when the great highway of nations appears to be an object of their most ardent desire. Central America is, in all probability, destined yet to become a great nation, and it will be our own fault if we allow the Americans to derive the exclusive benefit of its rise and progress.

HOW TO FRIGHTEN DOGS.—With reference to the device adopted by Ulysses to frighten the dogs of Ithaca, and which is said to be still in use in Greece and Albania, I may state that I have myself seen a Malay at Singapore squat down with his back towards a strange dog, and look at him from between his legs. In this instance, the experiment was perfectly successful, as the

brute scampered off in a fright, looking back now and then to see what sort of monster it was which carried his head in that unwonted place. But I have heard that once a Malay playing the trick before an English bull-dog, was seized hold of in that part of him which was presented conspicuously to "bully."

Notes and Queries.

From Chambers' Journal.

GERMAN YEAST.

This kind of yeast has become an important article of importation, and continues to make rapid progress as such, without appearing to draw the attention of speculators in this country towards its home manufacture. The fact is the more extraordinary that this substance does not keep long enough to render it a safe importation: when a slight detention at sea, for instance, occurs, the cargo heats so rapidly that it is sometimes necessary to throw it overboard. The same peculiarity prevents its diffusion much farther than the districts into which it is brought from abroad, as the expense of railway carriage for any considerable distance would be too great; and thus, while "all Yorkshire," as we are informed, uses it, supplied by Hull, and the counties around the metropolis are equally favored by London, other important parts of the country are cut off from the advantage. Leeds consumes eight tons a week, and Bradford five, at 8d. per pound; but in Scotland its use is greatly restricted.

German yeast appears to be nothing more than common distillery yeast, freed by a certain process from its impurities, and more especially from the acidity which has frequently a detrimental effect upon bread. A correspondent has been so obliging as to send us the details of this process, which he obtained through inquiries made in the south of Germany, where the manufacturers had not the same interest as their brethren in the north in preserving the secret. We now present it to our readers, in the hope that the experiment will be extensively tried in this country, where the numerous whiskey distilleries offer facilities for almost everybody to obtain the best possible yeast at his own door.

"Take brewery, or, by preference, distillery yeast," says our informant, "and filter this through a muslin or silk sieve, into a tub or vat containing about four or five times the quantity of soft or cold spring water. The water must be as cold as possible, and in summer, ice should be dissolved in it. As

soon as the liquid yeast comes into the water, the whole must be well stirred up—in preference with a broom—until thoroughly mixed, and it has a good foam or light head; then leave it until quite settled and the water becomes clear; then draw the surface-water gently off, so as not to disturb the settled substance.

"The tub should have cocks at different heights, to allow the water to be drawn off gently by opening the highest first. This done, you again pump the tub full of cold water, and stir it up again: let it settle, and draw off as before; and repeat this operation until the water becomes tasteless and clear—that is, till the water has cleansed the yeast of all its bitterness.

"Then add to the settled substance, for every twelve gallons of yeast employed at the commencement, half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia, and one ounce of bicarbonate of soda, previously dissolved in a pint of cold water: mix this liquid with the purified yeast, and leave it in this state for the night, or twelve or fourteen hours.

"Then pump cold water again into your tub, stir it well up as before, and when settled, draw it off, which concludes the purifying process.

"This done, the yeast in its settled state must be emptied into a clean linen bag, tied up, and placed between two boards large enough to cover the bag, so as to press the liquid substance out, which must be done as gently as possible, till the substance is gradually freed from water, and resembles bread-paste or dough, which can then be formed to size and weight as needed. In Austria, the weight is something near one pound when dry, in square forms, and about one inch thick.

"The whole process should be conducted in a very cool place; and when once the pressed yeast has become partially dry, it should be kept in a cold place, as otherwise the yeasting process will begin; whereas, kept in a cold place, it will keep for from eight to ten days in summer, and from ten to fifteen in winter, but not longer in Austria."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT MASSA.

BILLY TRAYNOR sat, deeply sunk in study, in the old recess of the palace library. A passage in the *Antigone* had puzzled him, and the table was littered with critics and commentators, while manuscript notes, scrawled in the most rude hand, lay on every side. He did not perceive, in his intense pre-occupation, that Massy had entered and taken the place directly in front of him. There the youth sat gazing steadfastly at the patient and studious features before him. It was only when Traynor, mastering the difficulty that had so long opposed him, broke out into an enthusiastic declamation of the text, that Massy, unable to control the impulse, laughed aloud.

"How long are you there? I never noticed you comin' in," said Billy, half-shamed by his detected ardor.

"But a short time. I was wondering at—ay, Billy—and was envying, too, the concentrated power in which you address yourself to your task. It is the real secret of all success, and somehow it is a frame of mind I cannot achieve."

"How is the boy Bacchus goin' on?" asked Billy, eagerly.

"I broke him up yesterday, and it is like a weight off my heart that his curly bullet-head and sensual lips are not waiting for me as I enter the studio."

"And the Cleopatra?" asked Traynor, still more anxiously.

"Smashed—destroyed. Shall I own to you, Billy, I see at last myself what you have so often hinted to me—I have no genius for the work."

"I never said—I never thought so," cried the other; "I only insisted that nothing was to be done without labor—hard, unflinching labor—that easy successes were poor triumphs, and bore no results."

"There—there—I'll hear that sermon no more. I'd not barter the freedom of my own unfettered thoughts, as they come and go, in hours of listless idleness, for all the success you ever promised me. There are men toil elevates—me it wearies to depression, and brings no compensation in the shape of increased power. Mine is an unrewarding clay—that's the whole of it. Cultivation only develops the rank weeds which are deep-sown in the soil. I'd like to travel—to visit some new land—some scene where all association with the past should be broken. What say you?"

"I'm ready, and at your orders," said Traynor, closing his book.

"East or west, then, which shall it be? If some time my heart yearns for the glori-

ous scenes of Palestine, full of memories that alone satisfy the soul's longings—there are days when I pant for the solitude of the vast savannahs of the new world. I feel as if to know oneself thoroughly, one's nature should be tested by the perils and exigencies of a life hourly making some demand on courage and ingenuity. The hunter's life does this. What say you—shall we try it?"

"I am ready," was the calm reply.

"We have means for such an enterprise—have we not? You told me, some short time past, that nearly the whole of our last year's allowance was untouched."

"Yes, it's all there to the good," said Billy; "a good round sum too."

"Let us get rid of all needless equipment, then," cried Massy, "and only retain what befits a prairie life. Sell everything, or give it away at once."

"Leave all that to me—I'll manage everything—only say when you make up your mind."

"But it is made up. I have resolved on the step. Few can decide so readily—for I leave neither home nor country behind."

"Don't say that," burst in Billy: "here's myself, the poorest crature that walks the earth, that never knew where he was born or who nursed him, yet even to me there's the tie of a native land—there's the soil that reared warriors and poets and orators, that I heard of when a child, and gloried in as a man; and better than that, there's the green meadows and the leafy valleys where kind-hearted men and women live and labor, spakin' our own tongue and feelin' our own feelings, and that, if we saw to-morrow, we'd know were our own—heart and hand our own. The smell of the yellow furze, under a griddle of oaten bread, would be sweeter to me than all the gales of Araby the blest, for it would remind me of the hearth I had my share of, and the roof that covered me, when I was alone in the world."

The boy buried his face in his hands and made no answer. At last raising up his head, he said:

"Let us try this life; let us see if action be not better than mere thought. The efforts of intellect seem to inspire a thirst there is no slaking. Sleep brings no rest after them. I long for the sense of some strong peril, which, over, gives the proud feeling of a goal reached—a feat accomplished."

"I'll go wherever you like—I'll be whatever you want me," said Billy affectionately.

"Let us lose no time, then. I would not that my present ardor should cool ere we

have begun our plan. What day is this? The seventh. Well, on the eighteenth there is a ship sails from Genoa for Porta Rica. It was the announcement set my heart a-thinking of the project. I dreamed of it two entire nights. I fancied myself walking the deck on a star-lit night, and framing all my projects for the future. The first thing I saw the next morning was the same large placard. 'The Colombo will sail for Porta Rica, on Friday the eighteenth.'

"An unlucky day," muttered Billy, interrupting.

"I have fallen upon few that were otherwise," said Massy, gloomily; "besides," he added after a pause, "I have no faith in omens, or any care for superstitions. Come, let us set about our preparations. Do you bethink you how to rid ourselves of all useless incumbrances here. Be it my care to jot down the list of all we shall need for the voyage and the life to follow it. Let us see which displays most zeal for the new enterprise."

Billy Traynor addressed himself with a will to the duty allotted to him. He rummaged through drawers and desks, destroyed papers and letters, laid aside all the article which he judged suitable for preservation, and then hastened off to the studio to arrange for the disposal of the few "stud-ies"—for they were scarcely more—which remained of Massy's labors.

A nearly finished Faun, the head of a Niobe, the arm and hand of a Jove launching a thunderbolt, the torso of a dead sailor after shipwreck, lay amid fragments of shattered figures, grotesque images, some caricatures of his own works, and crude models of anatomy. The walls were scrawled with charcoal drawings of groups—one day to be fashioned in sculpture—with verses from Dante, or lines from Tasso, inscribed beneath; proud resolves to a life of labor figured beside stanzas in praise of indolence and dreamy abandonment. There were passages of Scripture, too, glorious bursts of the poetic rapture of the Psalms—intermingled with quaint remarks on life from Jean Paul or Herder. All that a discordant, incoherent nature consisted of was there in some shape or other depicted; and as Billy ran his eye over this curious journal—for such it was—he grieved over the spirit which had dictated it.

The whole object of all his teaching had been to give a purpose to this uncertain and wavering nature, and yet everything showed him now that he had failed. The blight which had destroyed the boy's early fortunes still worked its evil influences, poisoning every healthful effort, and dashing, with a sense

of shame, every successful step towards fame and honor.

"Maybe he's right, after all," muttered Billy to himself. "The new world is the only place for those who have not the roots of an ancient stock to hold them in the old. Men can be there whatever is in them, and they can be judged without the prejudices of a class."

Having summed up as it were his own doubts in this remark, he proceeded with his task. While he was thus occupied, Massy entered and threw himself into a chair.

"There, you may give it up, Traynor. Fate is ever against us, do and decide on what we will. Your confounded omen of a Friday was right this time."

"What do you mean? Have you altered your mind?"

"I expected you to say so," said the other, bitterly. "I knew that I should meet with this mockery of my resolution, but it is uncalled for. It is not I that have changed!"

"What is it then has happened—do they refuse your passport?"

"Not that either; I never got so far as to ask for it. The misfortune is in this wise: on going to the bank to learn the sum that lay to my credit and draw for it, I was met by the reply, that I had nothing there—not a shilling. Before I could demand how this could be the case, the whole truth suddenly flashed across my memory, and I recalled to mind how one night, as I lay awake, the thought occurred to me, that it was base and dishonorable in me, now that I was come to manhood, to accept of the means of life from one who felt shame in my connection with him. Why, thought I, is there to be the bond of dependence where there is no tie of affection to soften its severity? And so I arose from my bed, and wrote to Sir Horace, saying, that by the same post I should remit to his banker at Naples whatever remained of my last year's allowance, and declined in future to accept of any further assistance. This I did the same day, and never told you of it—partly, lest you should try to oppose me in my resolve, partly," and here his voice faltered, "to spare myself the pain of revealing my motives. And now that I have buoyed my heart up with this project, I find myself without means to attempt it. Not that I regret my act or would recall it," cried he, proudly, "but that the sudden disappointment is hard to bear. I was feeding my hopes with such projects for the future when this stunning news met me, and the thought that I am now chained here by necessity has become a torture."

"What answer did Sir Horace give to your letter?" asked Billy.

"I forget; I believe he never replied to it, or if he did, I have no memory of what he said. Stay—there was a letter of his taken from me when I was arrested at Carrara. The seal was unbroken."

"I remember the letter was given to the minister, who has it still in his keeping."

"What care I," cried Massy, angrily, "in whose hands it may be?"

"The minister is not here now," said Billy, half-speaking to himself; "he is travelling with the duke, but when he comes back—"

"When he comes back!" burst in Massy, impatiently; "with what calm philosophy you look forward to a remote future. I tell you that this scheme is now a part and parcel of my very existence. I can turn to no other project or journey no other road in life, till at least I shall have tried it!"

"Well, it is going to work in a more humble fashion," said Billy, calmly. "Leave me to dispose of all these odds and ends here—"

"This trash!" cried the youth fiercely. "Who would accept it as a gift?"

"Don't disparage it; there are signs of genius even in these things; but above all, don't meddle with me, but just leave me free to follow my own way. There now, go back and employ yourself preparing for the road—trust the rest to me."

Massy obeyed without speaking. It was not, indeed, that he ventured to believe in Traynor's resources, but he was indisposed to further discussion, and longed to be in solitude once more.

It was late at night when they met again. Charles Massy was seated at a window of his room, looking out into the starry blue of a cloudless sky, when Traynor sat down beside him. "Well," said he, gently, "it's all done and finished. I have sold off everything, and if you will only repair the hand of the Faun, which I broke in removing, there's nothing more wanting."

"That much can be done by any one," said Massy, haughtily. "I hope never to set eyes on the trumpery things again."

"But I have promised you would do it," said Traynor, eagerly.

"And how—by what right could you pledge yourself for my labor? Nay," cried he, suddenly changing the tone in which he spoke, "knowing my wilful nature, how could you answer for what I might or might not do?"

"I knew," said Billy, slowly, "that you had a great project in your head, and that to enable you to attempt it, you would scorn to throw all the toil upon another."

"I never said I was ashamed of labor," said the youth, reddening with shame.

"If you had, I would despair of you altogether," rejoined the other.

"Well, what is it that I have to do?" said Massy, blantly.

"It is to remodel the arm; for I don't think you can mend it; but you'll see it yourself."

"Where is the figure?—In the studio?"

"No; it is in a small pavilion of a villa just outside the gates. It was while I was conveying it there it met this misfortune. There's the name of the villa on that card. You'll find the garden gate open, and by taking the path through the olive wood you'll be there in a few minutes; for I must go over to-morrow to Carrara with the Niobe; the Academy has bought it for a model."

A slight start of surprise and a faint flush bespoke the proud astonishment with which he heard of this triumph; but he never spoke a word.

"If you had any pride in your works, you'll be delighted to see where the Faun is to be placed. It is in a garden, handsomer even than this here, with terraces rising one over the other, and looking out on the blue sea, from the golden strand of Via Reggio down to the headlands above Spezia. The great olive wood in the vast plain lies at your feet, and the white cliffs of Serravezza behind you."

"What care I for all this?" said Massy, gloomily. "Benvenuto could afford to be in love with his own works—I cannot!"

Traynor saw at once the mood of mind he was in, and stole noiselessly away to his room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PAVILION IN THE GARDEN.

CHARLES MASSY, dressed in the blouse of his daily labor, and with the tools of his craft in his hand, set out early in search of the garden indicated by Billy Traynor. A sense of hope that it was for the last time he was to exercise his art, that a new and more stirring existence was now about to open before him, made his step lighter and his spirits higher as he went. "Once amid the deep woods and on the wide plains of the New World, and I shall dream no more of what judgment men may pass upon my efforts. There, if I suffice to myself, I have no other ordeal to meet. Perils may try me, but not the whims and tastes of other men."

Thus fancying an existence of unbounded freedom and unfettered action, he speedily traversed the olive wood, and, almost ere he knew it, found himself within the garden. The gorgeous profusion of beautiful flowers, the graceful grouping of shrubs, the richly-

perfumed air, loaded with a thousand odors, first awoke him from his day-dream, and he stood amazed in the midst of a scene surpassing all that he had ever conceived of loveliness. From the terrace, where under a vine trellis he was standing, he could perceive others above him rising on the mountain side, while some beneath descended towards the sea, which, blue as a turquoise, lay basking and glittering below. A stray white sail or so was to be seen, but there was barely wind to shake the olive leaves, and rouse the odors of the orange and the oleander. It was yet too early for the hum of insect life, and the tricklings of the tiny fountains that sprinkled the flower-beds were the only sounds in the stillness. It was in color, outline, effect, and shadow a scene such as only Italy can present, and Massey drank in all its influences with an eager delight.

"Were I a rich man," said he, "I would buy this paradise. What in all the splendor of man's invention can compare with the gorgeous glory of this flowery carpet? What frescoed ceiling could vie with these wide-leaved palms, interlaced with these twining acacias, with glimpses of the blue sky breaking through? And for a mirror, there lies nature's own—the great blue ocean! What a life were it, to linger days and hours here, amid such objects of beauty, having one's thoughts ever upwards, and making in imagination a world of which these should be the types. The faintest fancies that could float across the mind in such an existence would be pleasures more real, more tangible, than ever were felt in the tamer life of the actual world."

Loitering along, he at length came upon the little temple which served as a studio, on entering which he found his own statue enshrined in the place of honor. Whether it was the frame of mind in which he chanced to be, or that place and light had some share in the result, for the first time the figure struck him as good, and he stood long gazing at his own work with the calm eye of the critic. At length detecting, as he deemed, some defects in design, he drew nigh, and began to correct them. There are moments in which the mind attains the highest and clearest perception—seasons in which, whatever the nature of the mental operation, the faculties address themselves readily to the task, and labor becomes less a toil than an actual pleasure. This was such. Massey worked on for hours; his conceptions grew rapidly under his hand into bold realities, and he saw that he was succeeding. It was not alone that he had imparted a more graceful and lighter beauty to his statue, but he felt within himself the

promptings of a spirit that grew with each new suggestion of its own. Efforts that before had seemed above him he now essayed boldly; difficulties that once had appeared insurmountable he now encountered with courageous daring. Thus striving he lost all sense of fatigue. Hunger and exhaustion were alike unremembered, and it was already late in the afternoon, as, overcome by continued toil, he threw himself heavily down, and sank off into a deep sleep.

It was high sunset as he awoke. The distant bell of a monastery was ringing the hour of evening prayer, the solemn chime of the "Venticuatro," as he leaned on his arm and gazed in astonishment around him. The whole seemed like a dream. On every side were objects new and strange to his eyes. Casts and models he had never seen before; busts and statues and studies, all unknown to him. At last his eyes rested on the Faun, and he remembered at once where he was. The languor of excessive fatigue still oppressed him, however, and he was about to lie back again in sleep, when, bending gently over him, a young girl, with a low, soft accent, asked if he felt ill, or only tired.

Massey gazed, without speaking, at features regular as the most classic model, and whose paleness almost gave them the calm beauty of the marble. His steady stare slightly colored her cheek, and made her voice falter a little as she repeated her question.

"I scarcely know," said he, sighing heavily. "I feel as though this were a dream, and I am afraid to awaken from it."

"Let me give you some wine," said she, bending down to hand him the glass: "you have over-fatigued yourself. The Faun is by your hand—is it not?"

He nodded a slow assent.

"Whence did you derive that knowledge of ancient art?" said she, eagerly; "your figure has the light elasticity of the classic models, and yet nothing strained or exaggerated in attitude. Have you studied at Rome?"

"I could do better now," said the youth, as, rising on his elbow, he strained his eyes to examine her. "I could achieve a real success."

A deep flush covered her face at these words, so palpably alluding to herself, and she tried to repeat her question.

"No," said he, "I cannot say I have ever studied: all that I have done is full of faults; but I feel the spring of better things within me. Tell me, is this *your* home?"

"Yes," said she, smiling faintly. "I live in the villa here with my aunt. She has purchased your statue and wishes you to

repair it, and then to engage in some other work for her. Let me assist you to rise; you seem very weak."

"I am weak, and weary, too," said he, staggering to a seat. "I have over-worked myself, perhaps—I scarcely know. Do not take away your hand."

"And you are, then, the Sebastian Greppi, of whom Carrara is so proud?"

"They call me Sebastian Greppi; but I never heard that my name was spoken of with any honor."

"You are unjust to your own fame. We have often heard of you. See, here are two models taken from your works. They have been my studies for many a day. I have often wished to see you, and ask if my attempt were rightly begun. Then here is a hand."

"Let me model yours," said the youth, gazing steadfastly at the beautifully-shaped one which rested on the chair beside him.

"Come with me to the villa, and I will present you to my aunt; she will be pleased to know you. There, lean on my arm, for I see you are very weak."

"Why are you so kind—so good to me?" said he, faintly, while a tear rose slowly to his eye. "I am so unused to such!"

He arose, tottering, and taking her arm, walked slowly along at her side. As they went, she spoke kindly and encouragingly to him, praised what she had seen of his works, and said how frequently she had wished to know him, and enjoy the benefit of his counsels in art. "For I, too," said she, laughing, "would be a sculptor."

The youth stopped to gaze at her with a rapture he could not control. That one of such a station, surrounded by all the appliances of a luxurious existence, could devote herself to the toil and labor of art, implied an amount of devotion and energy that at once elevated her in his esteem. She blushed deeply at his continued stare, and turned at last away.

"O, do not feel offended with me," cried he, passionately. "If you but knew how your words have relighted within me the dying-out embers of an almost exhausted ambition—if you but knew how my heart has gained courage and hope—how light and brightness have shone in upon me after hours and days of gloom! It was but yesterday I had resolved to abandon this career forever. I was bent on a new life, in a new world beyond the seas. These few things, that a faithful companion of mine had charged himself to dispose of, were to supply the means of the journey; and now I think of it no more. I shall remain here to work hard, and study, and try to achieve what may one day be called good. You will

sometimes deign to see what I am doing, to tell me if my efforts are on the road to success, to give me hope when I am weak-hearted and courage when I am faint. I know and feel," said he, proudly, "that I am not devoid of what accomplishes success, for I can toil, and toil, and throw my whole soul into my work; but for this I need, at least, one who shall watch me with an eye of interest, glorying when I win, sorrowing when I am defeated. Where are we? What palace is this?" cried he, as they crossed a spacious hall, paved with porphyry and Sienna marble.

"This is my home," said the girl, "and this is its mistress."

Just as she spoke, she presented the youth to a lady, who, reclined on a sofa beside a window, gazed out towards the sea. She turned suddenly, and fixed her eyes on the stranger. With a wild start, she sprang up, and staring eagerly at him, cried, "Who is this? Where does he come from?"

The young girl told his name and what he was; but the words did not fall on listening ears, and the lady sat like one spell-bound, with eyes rivetted on the youth's face.

"Am I like any one you have known, Signora?" asked he, as he read the effect his presence had produced in her. "Do I recall some other features?"

"You do," said she, reddening painfully.

"And the memory is not of pleasure?" added the youth.

"Far, far from it—it is the saddest and cruelest of all my life," muttered she, half to herself.

"What part of Italy are you from?—your accent is southern."

"It is the accent of Naples, Signora," said he, evading her question.

"And your mother, was she Neapolitan?"

"I know little of my birth, Signora. It is a theme I would not be questioned on."

"And you are a sculptor?"

"The artist of the Faun, dearest aunt," broke in the girl, who watched with intense anxiety the changing expressions of the youth's features.

"Your voice even more than your features brings up the past," said the lady, as a deadly pallor spread over her own face, and her lips trembled as she spoke. "Will you not tell me something of your history?"

"When you have told me the reason for which you ask it, perhaps I may," said the youth, half sternly.

"There—there," cried she, wildly, "in every tone, in every gesture, I trace this resemblance. Come nearer to me—let me see your hands."

"They are seamed and hardened with toil, lady," said the youth, as he showed them.

"And yet they look as if there was a time when they did not know labor," said she, eagerly.

An impatient gesture, as if he would not endure a continuance of this questioning, stopped her, and she said, in a faint tone:

"I ask your pardon for all this. My excuse and my apology are, that your features have recalled a time of sorrow more vividly than any words could do. Your voice, too, strengthens the illusion. It may be a mere passing impression; I hope and pray it is such. Come, Ida; come with me. Do not leave this, sir, till we speak with you again." So saying, she took her niece's arm and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

It was with a proud consciousness of having well fulfilled his mission that Billy Traynor once more bent his steps towards Massa. Besides providing himself with books of travel and maps of the regions they were about to visit, he had ransacked Genoa for weapons, and accoutrements, and horse gear. Well knowing the youth's taste for the costly and the splendid, he had suffered himself to be seduced into the purchase of a gorgeously embroidered saddle-mounting, and a rich bridle, in Mexican taste: a pair of splendid mounted pistols chased in gold, and studded with large turquoises, with a Damascus sabre, the hilt of which was a miracle of fine workmanship, were also amongst his acquisitions; and poor Billy fed his imagination with the thought of all the delight these objects were certain to produce. In this way he never wearied admiring them, and a dozen times a-day would he unpack them, just to gratify his mind by picturing the enjoyment they were to afford.

"How well you are lookin', my dear boy," cried he, as he burst into the youth's room, and threw his arms around him; "'tis like ten years off my life to see you so fresh and so hearty. Is it the prospect of the glorious time before us that has given this new spring to your existence?"

"More likely it is the pleasure I feel in seeing you back again," said Massy, and his cheek grew crimson as he spoke.

"'Tis too good you are to me—too good," said Billy, and his eyes ran over in tears, while he turned away his head to hide his emotion; "but sure it is part of yourself I do be growing every day I live. At first I couldn't bear the thought of going away to live in exile, in a wilderness, as one may say; but now that I see your heart set upon it, and that your vigor and strength comes back just by the mere anticipation of it I'm downright delighted with the land."

"Indeed!" said the youth, dreamily.

"To be sure I am," resumed Billy, "and I do be thinking there's a kind of poethry in carrying away into the solitary pine-forest minds stored with classic lore, to be able to read one's Horace beside the gushin' stream that flows on nameless and unknown, and con over that ould fable book, Herodotus, amidst adventures stranger than ever he told himself."

"It might be a happy life," said the other, slowly, almost moodily.

"Ay, and it will be," said Billy, confidently. "Think of yourself, mounted on that saddle on a wild prairie horse, galloping free as the wind itself over the wide savannahs, with a drove of rushing buffaloes in career before you, and so eager in pursuit that you won't stop to bring down the scarlet-winged bastard that swings on the branch above you. There they go, plungin' and snortin', the mad devils, with a force that would sweep a fortress before them; and here are we after them, makin' the dark woods echo again with our wild yells. That's what will warm up our blood, till we'll not be afeard to meet an army of dragoons themselves. Them pistols once belonged to Cariatoké, a chief from Scio; and that blade—a real Damascus—was worn by an Aga of the Janissaries. Isn't it a picture?"

The youth poised the sword in his hand, and laid it down without a word; while Billy continued to stare at him with an expression of intensest amazement.

"Is it that you don't care for it all now, that your mind is changed, and that you don't wish for the life we were talkin' over these three weeks? Say so at once, my own darlin', and here I am, ready and willin' never to think more of it. Only tell me what's passin' in your heart—I ask no more."

"I scarcely know it myself," said the youth. "I feel as though in a dream, and know not what is real and what fiction."

"How have you passed your time?—What were you doin' while I was away?"

"Dreaming, I believe," said the other, with a sigh. "Some embers of my old ambition warmed up into a flame once more, and I fancied that there was that in me that by toil and labor might yet win upwards; and that, if so, this mere life of action would but bring repining and regret, and that I should feel as one who chose the meaner casket of fate, when both were within my reach."

"So you were at work again in the studio?"

"I have been finishing the arm of the Faun in that pavilion outside the town." A flush of crimson covered his face as he spoke,

which Billy as quickly noticed, but misinterpreted.

"Ay, and they praised you, I'd be bound. They said it was the work of one whose genius would place him with the great ones of art, and that he who could do this while scarcely more than a boy, might in riper years be the great name of his century. Did they not tell you so?"

"No; not that, not that," said the other, slowly.

"Then they bade you go on, and strive and labor hard to develop into life the seeds of that glorious gift that was in you?"

"Nor that," sighed the youth, heavily, while a faint spot of crimson burned on one cheek, and a feverish lustre lit up his eye.

"They didn't dispraise what you done! did they?" broke in Billy. "They could not if they wanted to do it; but sure there's nobody would have the cruel heart to blight the ripenin' bud of genius—to throw gloom over a spirit that has to struggle against its own misgivin's?"

"You wrong them, my dear friend; their words were all kindness and affection. They gave me hope and encouragement too. They fancy that I have in me what will one day grow into fame itself; and even you, Billy, in your most sanguine hopes, have never dreamed of greater success for me than they have predicted in the calm of a moonlit saunter."

"May the saints in heaven reward them for it!" said Billy; and in his clasped hands and uplifted eyes was all the fervor of a prayer. "They have my best blessin' for their goodness," muttered he to himself.

"And so I am again a sculptor!" said Massy, rising and walking the room. "Upon this career my whole heart and soul are henceforth to be concentrated; my fame, my happiness are to be those of the artist. From this day and this hour let every thought of what—not what I once was, but what I had hoped to be, be banished from my heart. I am Sebastian Greppi. Never let another name escape your lips to me. I will not, even for a second, turn from the path in which my own exertions are to win the goal. Let the far away land of my infancy, its traditions, its associations, be but dreams for evermore. Forwards! forwards!" cried he, passionately, "not a glance, not a look, towards the past."

Billy stared with admiration at the youth, over whose features a glow of enthusiasm was now diffused, and in broken, unconnected words, spoke encouragement and good cheer.

"I know well," said the youth, "how this same stubborn pride must be rooted out—how these false, deceitful visions of a

stand and a station that I am never to attain, must give place to nobler and higher aspirations; and you, my dearest friend, must aid me in all this—unceasingly, unwearily, reminding me that to myself alone must I look for anything; and that, if I would have a country, a name, or a home, it is by the toil of this head and these hands they are to be won. My plan is this," said he, eagerly seizing the other's arm, and speaking with immense rapidity: "A life not alone of labor, but of the simplest: not a luxury, not an indulgence; our daily meals the humblest, our dress the commonest, nothing that to provide shall demand a moment's forethought or care; no wants that shall turn our thoughts from this great object, no care for the requirements that others need. Thus mastering small ambitions and petty desires, we shall concentrate all our faculties in our art; and even the humblest may thus outstrip those whose higher gifts reject such discipline."

"You'll not live longer under the Duke's patronage then?" said Traynor.

"Not an hour. I return to that garden no more. There's a cottage on the mountain road to Serravezza will suit us well: it stands alone, and on an eminence, with a view over the plain and the sea beyond. You can see it from the door. There, to the left of the olive wood, lower down than the old ruin. We'll live there, Billy, and we'll make of that mean spot a hallowed one, where young enthusiasts in art will come, years hence, when we have passed away, to see the humble home Sebastian lived in—to sit upon the grassy seat where he once sat, when dreaming of the mighty triumphs that have made him glorious." A wild burst of mocking laughter rung from the boy's lips as he said this; but its accents were less in derision of the boast, than a species of hysterical ecstasy at the vision he had conjured up.

"And why wouldn't it be so?" exclaimed Billy, ardently—"why wouldn't you be great and illustrious?"

The moment of excitement was now over, and the youth stood pale, silent, and almost sickly in appearance: great drops of perspiration, too, stood on his forehead, and his quivering lips were bloodless.

"These visions are like meteor streaks," said he, falteringly; "they leave the sky blacker than they found it! But come along, let us to work, and we'll soon forget mere speculation."

Of the life they now led each day exactly resembled the other. Rising early, the youth was in his studio at dawn; the faithful Billy, seated near, read for him while he worked. Watching, with a tact that only

affection ever bestows, each changeable mood of the youth's mind, Traynor varied the topics with the varying humors of the other, and thus little of actual conversation took place between them, though their minds journeyed along together. To eke out subsistence even humble as theirs, the young sculptor was obliged to make small busts and even figures for sale, and these Billy disposed of at Lucca and Pisa, making short excursions to these cities as need required.

The toil of the day over, they wandered out towards the sea-shore, taking the path which led through the olive road by the garden of the villa. At times the youth would steal away a moment from his companion, and enter the little park, with every avenue of which he was familiar; and although Billy noticed his absence, he strictly abstained from the slightest allusion to it. Even at last, as he delayed longer and longer to return, Traynor maintained the same reserve, and thus there grew up gradually a secret between them—a mystery that neither ventured to approach. With a delicacy that seemed an instinct in his humble nature, Billy would now and then feign occupation or fatigue to excuse himself from the evening stroll, and thus leave the youth free to wander as he wished; till at length it became a settled habit between them to separate at nightfall, to meet only on the morrow. These nights were spent in walking the garden around the villa, sitting stealthily amid the trees to watch the room, where she was sitting, to catch a momentary glimpse of her figure as it passed the window, to hear perchance a few faint accents of her voice. Hours long would he so watch in the silent night, his whole soul steeped in a delicious dream wherein her image moved, and came and went, with every passing fancy. In the calm moonlight he would try to trace her footsteps in the gravel walk that led to the studio, and, lingering near them, whisper to her words of love.

One night, as he loitered thus, he thought he was perceived, for as he suddenly emerged from a dark alley into a broad space where the moonlight fell strongly, he saw a figure in a terrace above him, but without being able to recognize to whom it belonged. Timidly and fearfully he retired within the shade, and crept noiselessly away, shocked at the very thought of discovery. The next day he found a small bouquet of fresh flowers on the rustic seat beneath the window. At first he scarcely dared to touch it; but with a sudden flash of hope that it had been destined for himself, he pressed the flowers to his lips, and hid them in his bosom. Each night now the same present attracted him to the same place, and thus at once

within his heart was lighted a flame of hope that illuminated all his being, making his whole life a glorious episode, and filling all the long hours of the day with thoughts of her who thus could think of him.

Life has its triumphant moments, its dreams of entrancing, ecstatic delight, when success has crowned a hard-fought struggle, or when the meed of other men's praise comes showered on us. The triumphs of heroism, of intellect, of noble endurance—the trials of temptation met and conquered—the glorious victory over self interest—are all great and ennobling sensations: but what are they all compared with the first consciousness of being loved, of being to another the ideal we have made of her? To this nothing the world can give is equal. From the moment we have felt it, life changes around us. Its crosses are but barriers opposed to our strong will, that to assail and storm is a duty. Then comes a heroism in meeting the every-day troubles of existence, as though we were soldiers in a good and holy cause. No longer unseen or unmarked in the great ocean of life, we feel there is an eye ever turned towards us, a heart ever throbbing with our own—that our triumphs are its triumphs—our sorrows its sorrows. Apart from all the intercourse with the world, wish its changeable good and evil, we feel that we have a treasure that dangers cannot approach; we know that in our heart of hearts a blessed mystery is locked up—a well of pure thoughts that can calm down the most fevered hour of life's anxieties. Such the youth felt, and, feeling it, was happy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A MINISTER'S LETTER.

"BRITISH LEGATION, NAPLES, }
Nov. —, 18.— }

"My dear Harcourt,—

"Not mine the fault that your letter has lain six weeks unanswered; but having given up penwork myself for the last eight months, and Crawley, my private sec. being ill, the delay was unavoidable. The present communication you owe to the fortunate arrival here of Captain Mellish, who has kindly volunteered to be my amanuensis. I am indeed sorely grieved at this delay. I shall be *desolé* if it occasion you anything beyond inconvenience. How a private sec. should permit himself the luxury of an attack of influenza I cannot conceive. We shall hear of one's hairdresser having the impertinence to catch cold, to-morrow or next day!

"If I don't mistake, it was you yourself recommended Crawley to me, and I am only half grateful for the service. He is a man

of small prejudices ; fancies that he ought to have a regular hour for dinner ; thinks that he should have acquaintances ; and will persist in imagining himself an existent something, appertaining to the legation,—while in reality he is only a shadowy excrescence of my own indolent habits, the recipient of the trashy superfluities one commits to paper, and calls dispatches. Latterly, in my increasing laziness, I have used him for more intimate correspondence ; and, as Doctor Allitore has now denied me all manual exertion whatever, I am actually wholly dependent on such aid. I'm sure I long for the discovery of some other mode of transmitting one's brain-efforts than by the slow process of manuscript—some photographic process, that by a series of bright pictures might display *en tableau* what one is now reduced to accomplish by narrative. As it ever did, and ever will happen, too, they have deluged me with work when I craved rest. Every session of parliament must have its blue book ; and by the devil's luck they have decided that Italy is to furnish the present one.

"You have always been a soldier, and whenever your inspecting general came his round, your whole care has been to make the troop horses look as fat, the men's whiskers as trim, their overalls as clean, and their curb-chains as bright, as possible. You never imagined or dreamed of a contingency when it would be desirable that the animals should be all sorebacked, the whole regiment under stoppages, and the trumpeter in a quinsy. Had you been a diplomatist instead of a dragoon, this view of things might perhaps have presented itself, and the chief object of your desire been to show that the system under which you functionated worked as ill as need be ; that the court to which you were accredited abhorred you ; its ministers snubbed, its small officials elighted you ; that all your communications were ill received, your counsels ill taken ; that what you reprobated was adopted, what you advised rejected ; in fact, that the only result of your presence was the maintenance of a perpetual ill will and bad feeling ; and that, without the aid of a line of battle ship, or at least a frigate, your position was no longer tenable. From the moment, my dear H—, that you can establish this fact, you start into life as an able and active minister, imbued with thoroughly British principles—an active asserter of what is due to his country's rights and dignity, not truckling to court favor, or tamely submitting to royal impertinences—not like the noble lord at this place, or the more subservient viscount at that—but, in plain words, an admirable public servant,

whose reward, whatever courts and cabinets may do, will always be willingly accorded by a grateful nation.

"I am afraid this sketch of a special envoy's career will scarcely tempt you to exchange for a mission abroad ! And you are quite right, my dear friend. It is a very unrewarding profession. I often wish myself that I had taken something in the colonies, or gone into the church, or some other career which had given me time and opportunity to look after my health ; of which, by the way, I have but an indifferent account to render you. These people here can't hit it off at all, Harecourt ; they keep muddling away about indigestion, deranged functions, and the rest of it. The mischief is in the blood ; I mean in the undue distribution of the blood. So Treysenac, the man of Bagneres, proved to me. There is a flux and reflux in us as in the tides, and when, from deficient energy, or lax muscular power, that ceases, we are all driven by artificial means to remedy the defect. Treysenac's theory is position. By a number of ingeniously contrived positions he accomplishes an artificial congestion of any part he pleases ; and in his establishment at Bagneres you may see some fifty people strung up by the arms and legs, by the waists or the ankles, in the most marvellous manner, and with truly fabulous success. I myself passed three mornings suspended by the middle, like the sheep in the decoration of the Golden Fleece, and was amazed at the strange sensations I experienced before I was cut down.

"You know the obstinacy with which the medical people reject every discovery in the art, and only sanction its employment when the world has decreed in its favor. You will, therefore, not be surprised to hear that Larrey and Cooper, to whom I wrote about Treysenac's theory, sent me very unsatisfactory, indeed very unseemly, replies. I have resolved, however, not to let the thing drop, and am determined to originate a suspensorium in England, when I can chance upon a man of intelligence and scientific knowledge to conduct it. Like mesmerism, the system has its antipathies, and thus yesterday Crawley fainted twice after a few minutes' suspension by the arms. But he is a bigot about anything he hears for the first time, and I was not sorry at his punishment.

"I wish you would talk over this matter with any clever medical man in your neighborhood, and let me hear the result.

"And so you are surprised, you say, how little influence English representations exercise over the determinations of foreign cabinets. I go further and confess no astonishment at all at the no-influence ! My dear

dragoon, have you not, some hundred and fifty times in this life, endured a small martyrdom in seeing a very indifferent rider torment almost to madness the animal he bestrode, just by sheer ignorance and awkwardness—now worrying the flank with incautious heel, now irritating the soft side of the mouth with incessant jerkings—always counteracting the good impulses, ever prompting the bad ones, of his beast? And have you not, while heartily wishing yourself in the saddle, felt the utter inutility of administering any counsels to the rider? You saw, and rightly saw, that even if he attempted to follow your suggestions, he would do so awkwardly and inaptly, acting at wrong moments and without that continuity of purpose which must ever accompany an act of address; and that for his safety and even for the welfare of the animal, it were as well they should jog on together as they had done, trusting that after a time they might establish a sort of compromise endurable if not beneficial to both.

“Such, my dear friend, in brief, is the state of many of those foreign governments to whom we are so profuse of our wise counsels. It were doubtless much better if they ruled well; but let us see if the road to this knotty consummation be by the adoption of methods totally new to them, estranged from all their instincts and habits, and full of perils, which their very fears will exaggerate. Constitutional governments, like underdone roast beef, suit our natures and our latitude; but they would seem lamentable experiments when tried south of the Alps. Liberty with us means the right to break heads at a county election, and to print impertinences in newspapers. With the Spaniard or the Italian it would be to carry a poniard more openly, and use it more frequently, than at present.

“At all events, if it be any satisfaction to you, you may be assured that the rulers in all these cases are not much better off than those they rule over. They lead lives of incessant terror, distrust, and anxiety. Their existence is poisoned by ceaseless fears of treachery—they know not where. They change ministers as travellers change the direction of their journey, to disconcert the supposed plans of their enemies; and they vacillate between cruelty and mercy, really not knowing in which lies their safety. Don't fancy that they have any innate pleasure in harsh measures. The likelihood is, they hate them as much as you do yourself; but they know no other system; and to come back to my cavalry illustration, the only time they tried a snaffle, they were run away with.

“I trust these prosings will be a warning

to you how you touch upon politics again in a letter to me: but I really did not wish to be a bore, and now here I am, ready to answer, so far as in me lies, all your interrogatories; first premising that I am not at liberty to enter upon the question of Glencore himself, and for the simple reason, that he has made me his confidant. And now as to the boy, I could make nothing of him, Harcourt; and for this reason,—he had not what sailors call ‘steerage way’ in him. He went wherever you bade him, but without an impulse. I tried to make him care for his career—for the gay world—for the butterfly life of young diplomacy—for certain dissipation—excellent things occasionally to develop nascent faculties. I endeavored to interest him by literary society, and savans, but unsuccessfully. For art indeed he showed some disposition, and modelled prettily: but it never rose above ‘amateurship.’ Now enthusiasm, although a very excellent ingredient, will no more make an artist, than a brisk kitchen-fire will provide a dinner where all the materials are wanting.

“I began to despair of him, Harcourt, when I saw that there were no features about him. He could do everything reasonably well; because there was no hope of his doing anything with real excellence. He wandered away from me to Carrara, with his quaint companion the doctor; and after some months wrote me rather a sturdy letter, rejecting all monied advances, past and future, and saying something very haughty, and of course very stupid, about the ‘glorious sense of independence.’ I replied, but he never answered me, and here might have ended all my knowledge of his history, had not a letter, of which I send you an extract, resumed the narrative. The writer is the Princess Sablonkoff, a lady of whose attractions and fascinations you have often heard me speak. When you have read and thought over the inclosed, let me have your opinion. I do not, I cannot believe in the rumor you allude to. Glencore is not the man to marry at his time of life, and in his circumstances. Send me, however, all the particulars you are in possession of. I hope they don't mean to send you to India, because you seem to dislike it. For my own part, I suspect I should enjoy that country immensely. Heat is the first element of daily comfort, and all the appliances to moderate it are *ex officio* luxuries; besides that in India there is a splendid and enlarged selfishness in the mode of life, very different from the petty egotisms of our rude Northland.

“If you do go, pray take Naples in the way. The route by Alexandria and Suez,

they all tell me, is the best and most expeditious.

"Mellish desires me to add his remembrances, hoping you have not forgotten him. He served in the 'Fifth' with you in Canada; that is, if you be the same George Harcourt who played Tony Lumpkin so execrably at Montreal. I have told him it is probable, and am yours ever, H. U."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HARCOURT'S LODGINGS.

WHEN Harcourt had finished the reading of that letter we have presented in our last chapter, he naturally turned for information on the subject which principally interested him to the inclosure. It was a somewhat bulky packet, and, from its size, at once promised very full and ample details. As he opened it, however, he discovered it was in various handwritings; but his surprise was further increased by the following heading in large letters on the top of a page: "Sulphur Question," and beginning, "My lord, by a reference to my dispatch No. 478, you will perceive that the difficulties which the Neapolitan Government"—Harcourt turned over the page. It was all in the same strain. Tariffs, treaties, dues, and duties, occurred in every line. Three other documents of like nature accompanied this; after which came a very ill-written scrawl on coarse paper, entitled, "Hints as to diet and daily exercise for his excellency's use."

The honest Colonel, who was not the quickest of men, was some time before he succeeded in unravelling to his satisfaction the mystery before him, and recognizing that the papers on his table had been destined for a different address, while the letter of the Princess had, in all probability, been dispatched to the Foreign Office, and was now either confounding or amusing the authorities in Downing-street. While Harcourt laughed over the blunder, he derived no small gratification from thinking that nothing but great geniuses ever fell into these mistakes, and was about to write off in this very spirit to Upton, when he suddenly bethought him that, before an answer could arrive, he himself would be far away on his journey to India.

"An ordinary mortal—one of your every-day folk"—said he to himself, "would just have answered my few questions about this lad frankly and briefly. I asked nothing that could be difficult to reply to. It was plain enough, too, that I only wanted such information as he could have given me off-hand. If I could but assure Glencore that the boy was worthy of him—that there was stuff to give good promise of future excellence—that he was honorable and manly in

all his dealings,—who knows what effect such assurance might have had? There are days when it strikes me Glencore would give half his fortune to have the youth beside him, and be able to call him his own. Why he cannot, does not do it, is a mystery which I am unable to fathom. He never gave me his confidence on this head; indeed, he gave me something very like a rebuff one evening, when he erroneously fancied that I wanted to probe the mysterious secret. It shows how much he knows of my nature," added he, laughing. "Why, I'd rather carry a man's trunk or his portmanteau on my back than his family secrets in my heart. I could rest and lay down my burthen in the one case—in the other, there's never a moment of repose! And now Glencore is to be here this very day—the ninth—to learn my views. The poor fellow comes up from Wales, just to talk over these matters, and I have nothing to offer him but this blundering epistle. Ay, here's the letter:

"Dear Harcourt,—Let me have a mutton-chop with you on the ninth, and give me, if you can, the evening after it.—Yours, G—"

"A man must be ill off for counsel and advice when he thinks of such aid as mine. Heaven knows I never was such a brilliant manager of my own fortunes, that any one should trust his destinies in my hands. Well, he shall have the mutton-chop, and a good glass of old port after it; and the evening, or, if he likes it, the night shall be at his disposal;" and with this resolve, Harcourt, having given orders for dinner at six, issued forth to stroll down to his club, and drop in at the Horse Guards, and learn as much as he could of the passing events of the day,—meaning thereby, the details of whatever regarded the army list, and those who walk in scarlet attire.

It was about five o'clock of a dreary November afternoon that a hackney-coach drew up at Harcourt's lodgings in Dover-street, and a tall and very sickly-looking man, carrying his carpet-bag in one hand and a dressing-case in the other, descended and entered the house.

"Mr. Massy, sir," said the Colonel's servant, as he ushered him in; for such was the name Glencore desired to be known by. And the stranger nodded, and throwing himself wearily down on a sofa, seemed overcome with fatigue.

"Is your master out?" asked he, at length.

"Yes, sir; but I expect him immediately. Dinner was ordered for six, and he'll be back to dress half an hour before."

"Dinner for two?" half impatiently asked the other.

"Yes, sir, for two."

"And all visitors in the evening denied admittance? Did your master say so?"

"Yes, sir; out for every one."

Glencore now covered his face with his hands, and relapsed into silence. At length he lifted his eyes till they fell upon a colored drawing over the chimney. It was an officer in hussar uniform, mounted on a splendid charger, and seated with all the graceful ease of a consummate horseman. This much alone he could perceive from where he lay, and indolently raising himself on one arm he asked if it were "a portrait of his master?"

"No, sir—of my master's colonel, Lord Glencore, when he commanded the Eighth, and said to have been the handsomest man in the service."

"Show it to me!" cried he, eagerly, and almost snatched the drawing from the other's hands. He gazed at it intently and fixedly, and his sallow cheek once reddened slightly as he continued to look.

"That never was a likeness!" said he, bitterly.

"My master thinks it a wonderful resemblance, sir; not of what he is now, of course; but that was taken fifteen years ago or more."

"And is he so changed since that?" asked the sick man, plaintively.

"So I hear, sir. He had a stroke of some kind, or fit of one sort or another, brought on by fretting. They took away his title, I'm told. They made out that he had no right to it, that he wasn't the real lord; but here's the colonel, sir," and almost as he spoke Harcourt's step was on the stair. The next moment his hand was cordially clasped in that of his guest.

"I scarcely expected you before six; and how have you borne the journey?" cried he, taking a seat beside the sofa. A gentle motion of the eyebrows gave the reply.

"Well, well, you'll be all right after the soup. Marcom, serve the dinner at once. I'll not dress—and mind, no admittance to any one."

"You have heard from Upton?" asked Glencore.

"Yes."

"And satisfactorily?" asked he, more anxiously.

"Quite so; but you shall know all bye-and-bye. I have got mackerel for you. It was a favorite dish of yours long ago, and you shall taste such mutton as your Welsh mountains can't equal. I got the haunch from the Ardennes a week ago, and kept it for you."

"I wish I deserved such generous fare; but I have only an invalid's stomach," said Glencore, smiling faintly.

"You shall be reported well, and fit for duty to-day, or my name is not George Harcourt. The strongest and toughest fellow that ever lived couldn't stand up against the united effects of low diet and low spirits. To act generously and think generously, you must live generously, take plenty of exercise, breathe fresh air, and know what it is to be downright weary when you go to bed; not bored, mark you, for that's another thing. Now here comes the soup, and you shall tell me whether turtle be not the best restorative a man ever took after twelve hours of the road."

Whether tempted by the fare, or anxious to gratify the hospitable wishes of his host, Glencore ate heartily, and drank what for his abstemious habit was freely, and, so far as a more genial air and a more ready smile went, fully justified Harcourt's anticipations.

"By Jove, you're more like yourself than I have seen you this many a day," said the Colonel, as they drew their chairs towards the fire, and sat with that now banished, but ever to be regretted, little spider table, that once emblemized, after-dinner blessedness, between them. "This reminds one of long ago, Glencore, and I don't see why we cannot bring to the hour some of the cheerfulness that we once boasted."

A faint, very faint smile, with more of sorrow than joy in it, was the other's only reply.

"Look at the thing this way, Glencore," said Harcourt, eagerly. "So long as a man has, either by his fortune or by his personal qualities, the means of benefitting others, there is a downright selfishness in shutting himself up in his sorrow, and saying to the world, 'My own griefs are enough for me; I'll take no care or share in yours.' Now, there never was a fellow with less of this selfishness than you—"

"Do not speak to me of what I was my dear friend. There's not a plank of the old craft remaining. The name alone lingers, and even that will soon be extinct."

"Why, there's Charley—he's not ill, surely. You have no apprehensions about him?"

"What do you mean?" cried Glencore, hastily. "Are you the only man in all England that is ignorant of the story of his birth? Have not the newspapers carried the tidings over all Europe that Lord Glencore never was married?"

"I read the paragraph just after my arrival at Malta; and, do you know—shall I tell you what I thought of it?"

"Perhaps you had better not do so," said Glencore, sternly.

"By Jove, then, I will, just for that menace," said Harcourt. "I said, when I

saw it, 'That's vengeance on Glencore's part.'"

"To whom, sir, did you make this remark?"

"To myself, of course. I never alluded to the matter to any other. Never."

"So far well," said Glencore, solemnly; "for had you done so, we had never exchanged words again!"

"My dear fellow," said Harcourt, laying his hand affectionately on the other's, "I can well imagine the price a sensitive nature like yours must pay for the friendship of one so little gifted with tact as I am. But remember always that there's this advantage in the intercourse: you can afford to hear and bear things from a man of *my* stamp that would be outrageous from perhaps the lips of a brother; as Upton, in one of his bland moments, once said to me, 'Fellows like you, Harcourt, are the bitters of the human pharmacopeia,—somewhat hard to take, but very wholesome when you're once swallowed.'"

"You are the best of the triad, and no great praise that, either," muttered Glencore to himself. After a pause he continued: "It has not been from any distrust in your friendship, Harcourt, that I have not spoken to you before on this gloomy subject. I know well that you bear me more affection than any one of all those who call themselves my friends; but when a man is about to do that which never can meet approval from those who love him, he seeks no counsel, he invites no confidence. Like the gambler, who risks all on a single throw, he makes his venture from the impulse of a secret mysterious prompting within, that whispers, with this you are rescued or ruined! Advice, counsel!" cried he, in bitter mockery, "tell me, when have such ever alleviated the tortures of a painful malady? Have you ever heard that the writhings of the sick man were calmed by the honeyed words of his friends at the bed-side? I"—here his voice became full and loud, "I was burthened with a load too great for me to bear. It had bowed me to the earth, and all but crushed me! The sense of an unaccomplished vengeance was like a debt which, unrequited ere I died, sent me to my grave dishonored. Which of you all could tell me how to endure this? What shape could your philosophy assume?"

"Then I guessed aright," broke in Harcourt. "This was done in vengeance."

"I have no reckoning to render you, sir," said Glencore, haughtily; "for any confidence of mine, you are more indebted to my passion than to my inclination. I came up here to speak and confer with you about

this boy, whose guardianship you are unable to continue longer. Let us speak of that."

"Yes," said Harcourt, in his habitual tone of easy good humor, "they are going to send me out to India again. I have had eighteen years of it already; but I have no parliamentary influence, nor could I trace a fortieth cousinship with the House of Lords: but, after all, it might be worse. Now, as to this lad, what if I were to take him out with me? This artist life that he seems to have adopted scarcely promises much."

"Let me see Upton's letter," said Glencore, gravely.

"There it is. But I must warn you that the really important part is wanting; for instead of sending us, as he promised, the communication of his Russian Princess, he has stuffed in a mass of papers intended for Downing-street, and a lot of doctors' prescriptions, for whose loss he is doubtless suffering martyrdom."

"Is this credible?" cried Glencore.

"There they are, very eloquent about sulphur, and certain refugees with long names, and with some curious hints about Spanish flies and the flesh-brush."

Glencore flung down the papers in indignation, and walked up and down the room without speaking.

"I'd wager a trifle," cried Harcourt, "that Madame—What's-her-name's letter has gone to the Foreign Office in lieu of the dispatches, and if so, they have certainly gained most by the whole transaction."

"You have scarcely considered, perhaps, what publicity may thus be given to my private affairs," said Glencore. "Who knows what this woman may have said—what allusions her letter may contain?"

"Very true. I never did think of that," muttered Harcourt.

"Who knows what circumstances of my private history are now handed about from desk to desk by flippant fools, to be disseminated afterwards over Europe by every courier?" cried he, with increasing passion.

Before Harcourt could reply, the servant entered, and whispered a few words in his ear. "But you already denied me?" said Harcourt. "You told him that I was from home?"

"Yes, sir; but he said that his business was so important that he'd wait for your return, if I could not say where he might find you. This is his card."

Harcourt took it, and read "Major Scratchley, from Naples."—"What think you, Glencore? Ought we to admit this gentleman? It may be that his visit relates to what we have been speaking about?"

"Scratchley—Scratchley. I know the

name," muttered Glencore. "To be sure! There was a fellow that hung about Florence and Rome long ago, and called himself Scratchley, an ill-tongued old scandal-monger, people encouraged in a land where newspapers are not permitted."

"He affects to have something very pressing to communicate. Perhaps it were better to have him up."

"Don't make me known to him, then, or let me have to talk to him," said Glencore, throwing himself down on a sofa; "and let his visit be as brief as you can manage."

Harcourt made a significant sign to his servant, and the moment after the Major was heard ascending the stairs.

"Very persistent of me, you'll say, Colonel Harcourt. Devilish tenacious of my intentions, to force myself thus upon you!" said the Major, as he bustled into the room, with a white leather bag in his hand; "but I promised Upton I'd not lie down on a bed till I saw you."

"All the apologies should come from my side, Major," said Harcourt, as he handed him to a chair; "but the fact was, that having an invalid friend with me, quite incapable of seeing company, and having matters of some importance to discuss with him—"

"Just so," broke in Scratchley, "and if it were not that I had given a very strong pledge to Upton, I'd have given my message to your servant, and gone off to my hotel. But he laid great stress on my seeing you, and obtaining certain papers which, if I understand aright, have reached you in mistake, being meant for the minister at Downing-street. Here's his own note, however, which will explain all."

It ran thus:

"Dear H—

"So I find that some of the dispatches have got into your inclosure instead of that 'on his Majesty's service.' I therefore send off the insupportable old bore who will deliver this, to rescue them, and convey them to their fitting destination. 'The extraordinaries' will be burthened to some fifty or sixty pounds for it; but they very rarely are expended so profitably as in getting rid of an intolerable nuisance. Give him all the things, therefore, and pack him off to Downing-street. I'm far more uneasy, however, about some prescriptions which I suspect are along with them. One, a lotion for the cervical vertebra of invaluable activity; which you may take a copy of, but strictly on honor, for your own use only. Scratchley will obtain the Princess' letter and hand it to you. It is certain not to have been opened at F. O. as they never

read anything not alluded to in the private correspondence.

"This blunder has done me a deal of harm. My nerves are not in a state to stand such shocks; and though in fact you are not the culpable party, I cannot entirely acquit you for having in part occasioned it." Harcourt laughed good humoredly at this, and continued. "If you care for it, old S. will give you all the last gossip from these parts, and be the channel of yours to me. But don't dine him. He's not worth a dinner. He'll only repay sherry and soda-water, and one of those execrable cheroots you used to be famed for. Amongst the recipes let me recommend you an admirable tonic, the principal ingredient in which is the oil of the star-fish. It will probably produce nausea, vertigo, and even fainting for a week or two; but these symptoms decline at last, and, except violent hiccup, no other inconvenience remains. Try it, at all events.

Yours ever,

"H. U."

While Harcourt perused this short epistle, Scratchley, on the invitation of his host, had helped himself freely to the Madeira, and a plate of devilled biscuits beside it, giving, from time to time, oblique glances towards the dark corner of the room, where Glencore lay apparently asleep.

"I hope Upton's letter justifies my insistence, Colonel. He certainly gave me to understand that the case was a pressing one," said Scratchley.

"Quite so, Major Scratchley; and I have only to reiterate my excuses for having denied myself to you; but you are aware of the reason," and he glanced towards where Glencore was lying.

"Very excellent fellow, Upton," said the Major, sipping his wine, "but very—what shall I call it?—eccentric—very odd—not like any one else, you know, in the way he does things. I happened to be one of his guests t'other day. He had detained us above an hour waiting dinner, when he came in all flurried and excited, and turning to me said, 'Scratchley, have you any objection to a trip to England at his Majesty's expense?' and as I replied, 'None whatever; indeed it would suit my book to perfection just now.'—'Well, then,' said he, 'get your traps together, and be here within an hour. I'll have all in readiness for you.' I did not much fancy starting off in this fashion, and without my dinner, too; but, egad, he's one of those fellows that don't stand parleying, and so I just took him at his word, and here I am! I take it the matter must be a very emergent one, eh?"

"It is clear Sir Horace Upton thought so," said Harcourt, rather amused than offended by the other's curiosity.

"There's a woman in it, some how, I'll be bound, eh?"

Harcourt laughed heartily at this sally, and pushed the decanter towards his guest.

"Not that I'd give sixpence to know every syllable of the whole transaction," said Scratchley. "A man that has passed, as I have done, the last twenty-five years of his life between Rome, Florence, and Naples, has devilish little to learn of what the world calls scandal."

"I suppose you must indeed possess a wide experience," said Harcourt.

"Not a man in Europe, sir, could tell you as many dark passages of good society! I kept a kind of book once—a record of fashionable delinquencies; but I had to give it up. It took me half my day to chronicle even the passing events; and then my memory grew so retentive by practice I didn't want the reference, but could give you date and name and place for every incident that has scandalized the world for the last quarter of the century."

"And do you still possess this valuable gift, Major?"

"Pretty well; not perhaps to the same extent I once did. You see, Colonel Harcourt,"—here his voice became low and confidential, "some twenty, or indeed fifteen years back, it was only persons of actual condition that permitted themselves the liberty to do these things; but, hang it, sir, now you have your middle class folk as profligate as their betters. Jones, and Smith, and Thompson runs away with his neighbor's wife, cheats at cards, and forges his friend's name, just as if he had the best blood in his veins, and fourteen quarterings on his escutcheon. What memory, then, I ask you, could retain all the shortcomings of these people?"

"But I'd really not trouble my head with such ignoble delinquents," said Harcourt.

"Nor do I, sir, save when, as will sometimes happen, they have a footing, with one leg at least, in good society. For, in the present state of the world, a woman with a pretty face and a man with a knowledge of horseflesh may move in any circle they please."

"You're a severe censor of the age we live in, I see," said Harcourt, smiling. "At the same time, the offences could scarcely give you much uneasiness, or you'd not take up your residence where they most abound."

"If you want to destroy tigers, you must frequent the jungle," said Scratchley, with one of his heartiest laughs.

"Say rather, if you have the vulture's appetite, you must go where there is carion!" cried Glencore, with a voice to which passion lent a savage vehemence.

"Eh! ha! very good! devilish smart of your sick friend. Pray present me to him," said Scratchley, rising.

"No, no, never mind him," whispered Harcourt, pressing him down into his seat. "At some other time, perhaps. He is nervous and irritable. Conversation fatigues him, too."

"Egad! that was neatly said, though; I hope I shall not forget it. One envies these sick fellows, sometimes, the venom they get from bad health. But I am forgetting myself in the pleasure of your society," added he, rising from the table, as he finished off the last glass in the decanter. "I shall call at Downing-street to-morrow for that letter of Upton's, and with your permission will deposit it in your hands afterwards."

Harcourt accompanied him to the door with thanks. Profuse indeed was he in his recognitions, desiring to get him clear off the ground before any further allusions on his part, or rejoinders from Glencore, might involve them all in new complications.

"I know that fellow well," cried Glencore, almost ere the door closed on him. "He is just what I remember him some fifteen years ago. Dressed up in the cast-off vices of his betters, he has passed for a man of fashion amongst his own set, while he is regarded as a wit by those who mistake malevolence for humor. I ask no other test of a society than that such a man is endured in it."

"I sometimes suspect," said Harcourt, "that the world never believes these fellows to be as ill-natured as their tongues bespeak them."

"You are wrong, George; the world knows them well. The estimation they are held in is, for the reflective flattery by which each listener to their sarcasms soothes his own conscience as he says, 'I could be just as bitter, if I consented to be as bad.'"

"I cannot at all account for Upton's endurance of such a man," said Harcourt.

"As there are men who fancy that they strengthen their animal system by braving every extreme of climate, so Upton imagines that he invigorates his *morale* by associating with all kinds and descriptions of people; and there is no doubt that in doing so he extends the sphere of his knowledge of mankind. After all," muttered he, with a sigh, "it's only learning the geography of a land too unhealthy to live in."

Glencore arose as he said this, and with a nod of leave-taking retired to his room.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A FEVERED MIND.

HARCOURT passed the morning of the following day in watching the street for Scratchley's arrival. Glencore's impatience had grown into absolute fever to obtain the missing letter, and he kept asking every moment at what hour he had promised to be there; and wondering at his delay.

Noon passed over—one o'clock—it was now nearly half past, as a carriage drove hastily to the door.

"At last," cried Glencore with a deep sigh.

"Sir Gilbert Bruce, sir, requests to know if you can receive him," said the servant to Harcourt.

"Another disappointment!" muttered Glencore, as he left the room, when Harcourt motioned to the servant to introduce the visitor.

"My dear Colonel Harcourt," cried the other, entering, "excuse a very abrupt call—but I have a most pressing need of your assistance. I hear you can inform me of Lord Glencore's address."

"He is residing in North Wales at present. I can give you his post town."

"Yes, but can I be certain that he will admit me if I should go down there? He is living, I hear, in strict retirement, and I am anxious for a personal interview."

"I cannot insure you that," said Harcourt. "He does live, as you have heard, entirely estranged from all society. But if you write to him—"

"Ah! there's the difficulty. A letter and its reply take some days."

"And is the matter, then, so very imminent?"

"It is so; at least it is thought to be so by an authority that neither you nor I will be likely to dispute. You know his lordship intimately, I fancy?"

"Perhaps I may call myself as much his friend as any man living."

"Well, then, I may confide to you my business with him. It happened that a few days back, Lord Adderley was on a visit with the king at Brighton, when a foreign messenger arrived with dispatches. They were of course forwarded to him there; and as the King has a passion for that species of literature, he opened them all himself. Now, I suspect that his Majesty cares more for the amusing incidents which occasionally diversify the life of foreign courts, than for the great events of politics. At all events, he devours them with avidity, and seems conversant with the characters and private affairs of some hundreds of people he has never seen, nor in all likelihood will ever see! In turning over the loose pages of one of the

dispatches from Naples, I think, he came upon what appeared to be a fragment of a letter. Of what it was, or what it contained, I have not the slightest knowledge. Adderley himself has not seen it, nor any one but the King. All I know is that it concerns, in some way, Lord Glencore; for immediately on reading it he gave me instructions to find him out and send him down to Brighton."

"I am afraid, were you to see Glencore, your mission would prove a failure. He has given up the world together, and even a royal command would scarcely withdraw him from his retirement."

"At all events, I must make the trial. You can let me have his address, and perhaps you would do more, and give me some sort of introduction to him—something that might smooth down the difficulty of a first visit."

Harcourt was silent, and stood for some seconds in deep thought, which the other, mistaking for a sign of unwillingness to comply with his request, quickly added, "If my demand occasion you any inconvenience, or if there be the slightest difficulty—"

"Nay, nay, I was not thinking of that," said Harcourt. "Pray excuse me for a moment. I will fetch you the address you spoke of," and, without waiting for more, he left the room. The next minute he was in Glencore's room, hurriedly narrating to him all that had passed, and asking him what course he should pursue. Glencore heard the story with a greater calm than Harcourt dared to hope for; and seemed pleased at the reiterated assurance that the King alone had seen the letter referred to; and when Harcourt abruptly asked what was to be done, he slowly replied, "I must obey his Majesty's commands. I must go to Brighton."

"But are you equal to all this? Have you strength for it?"

"I think so; at all events, I am determined to make the effort. I was a favorite with his Majesty long ago. He will say nothing to hurt me needlessly; nor is it in his nature to do so. Tell Bruce that you will arrange everything, and that I shall present myself to-morrow at the palace."

"Remember, Glencore, that if you say so"—

"I must be sure and keep my word. Well, so I mean, George. I was a courtier once upon a time, and have not outlived my deference to a sovereign. I'll be there—you may answer for me."

From the moment that Glencore had come to this resolve, a complete change seemed to pass over the nature of the man. It was as though a new spring had been given to his

existence. The reformation that all the blandishments of friendship, all the soft influences of kindness could never accomplish, was more than half effected by the mere thought of an interview with a King, and the possible chance of a little royal sympathy!

If Harcourt was astonished, he was not the less pleased at all this. He encouraged Glencore's sense of gratification by every means in his power, and gladly lent himself to all the petty anxieties about dress and appearance in which he seemed now immersed. Nothing could exceed, indeed, the care he bestowed upon these small details; ever insisting as he did that, his Majesty being the best dressed gentleman in Europe, these matters assumed a greater importance in his eyes.

"I must try to recover somewhat of my former self," said he. "There was a time when I came and went freely to Carlton House, when I was somewhat more than a mere frequenter of the Prince's society. They tell me that of late he is glad to see any of those who partook of his intimacy in those times; who can remember the genial spirits who made his table the most brilliant circle of the world; who can talk to him of Hanger, and Kelly, and Sheridan, and the rest of them. I spent my days and nights with them."

Warming with the recollection of a period which, dissolute and dissipated as it was, yet redeemed by its brilliancy many of its least valuable features, Glencore poured forth story after story of a time when statesmen had the sportiveness of schoolboys, and the greatest intellects loved to indulge in the wildest excesses of folly. A good jest upon Eldon, a smart epigram on Sidmouth, a quiz against Vansittart, was a fortune at court; and there grew up thus around the Prince a class who cultivated ridicule so assiduously, that nothing was too high or too venerable to escape their sarcasms.

Though Glencore was only emerging out of boyhood—a young subaltern in the Prince's own regiment when he first entered this society, the impression it had made upon his mind was not the less permanent. Independently of the charm of being thus admitted to the most choice circle of the land, there was the fascination of intimacy with names that even amongst contemporaries were illustrious.

"I feel in such spirits to-day, George," cried Glencore at length, "that I vote we go and pass the day at Richmond. We shall escape the possibility of being bored by your acquaintance. We shall have a glorious stroll through the fields, and a pleasant dinner afterwards at the Star and Garter."

Only too well pleased at this sudden change in his friend's humor, Harcourt assented.

The day was a bright and clear one, with a sharp frosty air and that elasticity of atmosphere that invigorates and stimulates. They both soon felt its influence, and as the hours wore over, pleasant memories of the past were related, and old friends remembered and talked over in a spirit that brought back to each much of the youthful sentiments they recorded.

"If one could only go over it all again, George," said Glencore, as they sat after dinner, "up to three and twenty, or even a year or two later, I'd not ask to change a day—scarcely an hour. Whatever was deficient in fact was supplied by hope. It was a joyous, brilliant time, when we all made partnership of our good spirits and traded freely on the capital. Even Upton was frank and free-hearted then. There were some six or eight of us, with just fortune enough never to care about money, and none of us so rich as to be immersed in dreams of gold, as ever happens with your millionaire. Why could we not have continued so to the end!"

Harcourt adroitly turned him from the theme which he saw impending—his departure for the continent, his residence there, and his marriage, and once more occupied him in stories of his youthful life in London, when Glencore suddenly came to a stop and said: "I might have married the greatest beauty of the time—of a family, too, second to none in all England. You know to whom I allude. Well, she would have accepted me; her father was not averse to the match: a stupid altercation with her brother, Lord Hervey, at Brookes' one night—an absurd dispute about some etiquette of the play-table—estranged me from their house. I was offended at what I deemed their want of courtesy in not seeking me—for I was in the right; every one said so. I determined not to call first. They gave a great entertainment, and omitted me, and rather than stay in town to publish this affront, I started for the continent, and out of that pretty incident, a discussion of the veriest trifle imaginable, there came the whole course of my destiny."

"To be sure," said Harcourt, with assumed calm, "every man's fortune in life is at the sport of some petty incident or other, which at the time he undervalues."

"And then we scoff at those men who scrutinize each move, and hesitate over every step in life, as triflers, and little minded; while, if your remark be just, it is exactly such are the wise and the prudent," cried Glencore with warmth. "Had I, for in-

stance, seen this occurrence, trivial as it was, in its true light, what and where might I not have been to-day!"

"My dear Glencore, the luckiest fellow that ever lived, were he only to cast a look back on opportunities neglected, and conjunctures unprofited by, would be sure to be miserable. I am far from saying that some have not more than their share of the world's sorrows; but, take my word for it, every one has his load, be it greater or less, and, what is worse, we all of us carry our burthens with as much inconvenience to ourselves as we can."

"I know what you would say, Harcourt. It is the old story about giving way to passion, and suffering temper to get the better of one; but let me tell you that there are trials where passion is an instinct, and reason works too slowly. I have experienced such as this."

"Give yourself but fair play, Glencore, and you will surmount all your troubles. Come back into the world again—I don't mean this world of balls and dinner-parties, of morning calls and afternoons in the park; but a really active, stirring life. Come with me to India, and let us have a raid amongst the jaguars; mix with the pleasant, light-hearted fellows you'll meet at every mess, who ask for nothing better than their own good spirits and good health, to content them with the world; just look out upon life, and see what numbers are struggling and swimming for existence, while you, at least, have competence and wealth for all you wish; and bear in mind that round the table where wit is flashing, and the merriest laughter rings, there is not a man—no, not one—who hasn't a something hidden in his heart, but yet who'd feel himself a coward if his face confessed it."

"And why am I to put this mask upon me? for what and for whom have I to wear this disguise?" cried Glencore, angrily.

"For yourself! It is in bearing up manfully before the world, you'll gain the courage to sustain your own heart. Ay, Glencore, you'll do it to-morrow. In the presence of royalty you'll comport yourself with dignity and reserve, and you'll come out from the interview higher, and stronger in self-esteem."

"You talk as if I were some country squire who would stand abashed and awestruck before his king; but remember, my worthy Colonel, I have lived a good deal inside the tabernacle, and its mysteries are no secrets to me."

"Reason the more for what I say!" broke in Harcourt; "your deference will not obliterate your judgment; your just respect will not alloy your reason."

"I'll talk to the king, sir, as I talk to you," said Glencore, passionately: "nor is the visit of my seeking. I have long since done with courts and those who frequent them. What can royalty do for me? Upton and yourself may play the courtier, and fawn at levees; you have your petitions to present, your favors to beg for; you want to get this, or be excused from that; but I am no supplicant. I ask for no place—no ribbon. If the king speak to me about my private affairs, he shall be answered as I would answer any one who obtrudes his rank into the place that should only be occupied by friendship."

"It may be that he has some good counsel to offer."

"Counsel to offer me," burst in Glencore, with increased warmth. "I would no more permit any man to give me advice unasked, than I would suffer him to go to my trades-people and pay my debts for me. A man's private sorrows are as his debts—obligations between himself and his own heart. Don't tell me, sir, that even a king's prerogative absolves him from the duties of a gentleman."

While he uttered these words, he continued to fill and empty his wineglass several times, as if passion had stimulated his thirst; and now his flashing eyes and his heightened color betrayed the effect of wine.

"Let us stroll out into the cool air," said Harcourt. "See what a gorgeous night of stars it is."

"That you may resume your discourse on patience and resignation!" said Glencore, scoffingly. "No, sir. If I must listen to you, let me have at least the aid of the decanter. Your bitter maxims are a bad substitute for olives, but I must have wine to swallow them."

"I never meant them to be so distasteful to you," said Harcourt, good humoredly.

"Say rather, you troubled your head little whether they were or not," replied Glencore, whose voice was now thick from passion and drink together. "You, and Upton, and two or three others, presume to lecture me—who, because gifted, if you can call it gifted—I'd say, cursed—aye, sir, cursed with coarser natures—temperaments where higher sentiments have no place—fellows that can make what they feel subordinate to what they want—you appreciate *that*, I hope—*that* stings you, does it? Well, sir, you'll find me as ready to act as to speak. There's not a word I utter here I mean to retract to-morrow!"

"My dear Glencore, we have both taken too much wine."

"Speak for yourself, sir. If you desire to make the claret the excuse for your lan-

guage, I can only say it's like everything else in your conduct—always a subterfuge—always a scapegoat. O, George, George, I never suspected this in you,” and burying his head between his hands, he burst into tears.

He never spoke a word as Harcourt assisted him to the carriage, nor did he open his lips on the road homewards.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE VILLA AT SORRENTO.

In one of the most sequestered nooks of Sorrento, almost escarped out of the rocky cliff, and half hid in the foliage of orange and oleander trees, stood the little villa of the Princess Sabloukoff. The blue sea washed the white marble terrace before the windows, and the arbutus, whose odor scented the drawing-room, dipped its red berries in the glassy water. The wildest and richest vegetation abounded on every side. Plants and shrubs of tropical climes mingled with the hardier races of northern lands; and the cedar and the plantain blended their leaves with the sycamore and the ilex; while, as if to complete the admixture, birds and beasts of remote countries were gathered together: and the bustard, the ape, and the antelope mixed with the peacock, the chamois, and the golden pheasant. The whole represented one of those capricious exhibitions by which wealth so often associates itself with the beautiful, and, despite all errors in taste, succeeds in making a spot eminently lovely. So was it. There was often light where a painter would have wished shadow. There were gorgeous flowers where a poet would have desired nothing beyond the blue heather bell. There were startling effects of view, managed where chance glimpses through the trees had been infinitely more picturesque. There was, in fact, the obtrusive sense of riches in a thousand ways and places where mere unadorned nature had been far preferable; and yet, with all these faults, sea and sky, rock and foliage, the scented air, the silence, only broken by the tuneful birds, the rich profusion of color upon a sward strewn with flowers, made of the spot a perfect paradise.

In a richly decorated room, whose three windows opened on a marble terrace, sat the Princess. It was December; but the sky was cloudless, the sea a perfect mirror, and the light air that stirred the leaves soft and balmy as the breath of May. Her dress was in keeping with the splendor around her—a rich robe of yellow silk fastened up the front with large carbuncle buttons; sleeves of deep Valenciennes lace fell far over her jewelled fingers; and a scarf of

golden embroidery, negligently thrown over an arm of her chair, gave what a painter would call the warm color to a very striking picture. Farther from the window, and carefully protected from the air by a screen, sat a gentleman whose fur-lined pelisse and velvet skull-cap showed that he placed more faith in the almanac than in the atmosphere. From his cork-soled boots to his shawl muffled about the throat, all proclaimed that distrust of the weather that characterizes the invalid. No treachery of a hot sun—no seductions of that inveterate cheat, a fine day in winter—could inveigle Sir Horace Upton into any forgetfulness of his precautions. He would have regarded such as a palpable weakness on his part, a piece of folly perfectly unbecoming in a man of his diplomatic standing and ability.

He was writing, and smoking, and talking by turns, the table before him being littered with papers, and even the carpet at his feet strewn with the loose sheets of his composition. There was not in his air any of the concentration, or even seriousness, of a man engaged in an important labor; and yet the work before him employed all his faculties, and he gave to it the deepest attention of abilities of which very few possessed the equal. To great powers of reasoning and a very strong judgment he united a most acute knowledge of men; not exactly of mankind in the mass, but of that especial order with whom he had habitually to deal. Stolid, commonplace stupidity might puzzle or embarrass him; while, for any amount of craft, for any degree of subtlety, he was an over-match. The plain matter-of-fact intelligence occasionally gained a slight advantage over him at first; the trained and polished mind of the most astute negotiator was a book he could read at sight. It was his especial tact to catch up all this knowledge at once;—very often in a first interview,—and thus, while others were interchanging the customary platitudes of every-day courtesy, he was gleaming and recording within himself the traits and characteristics of all around him.

“A clever fellow—very clever fellow, Cineselli,” said he, as he continued to write. “His proposition is—certain commercial advantages, and that we, on our side, leave him alone to deal his own way with his own rabble. I see nothing against it, so long as they continue to be rabble; but grubs grow into butterflies, and very vulgar populace have now and then emerged into what are called liberal politicians.”

“Only where you have the blessing of a free press,” said the Princess, in a tone of insolent mockery.

“Quite true, Princess; a free press is a

tonic, that with an increased dose becomes a stimulant, and occasionally over excites."

"It makes your people drunk now and then!" said she, angrily.

"They always sleep it off over night," said he softly. "They very rarely pay even the penalty of the morning headache for the excess, which is exactly why it will not answer in warmer latitudes."

"Ours is a cold one, and I'm sure it would not suit us."

"I'm not so certain of that," said he, languidly. "I think it is eminently calculated for a people who don't know how to read."

She would have smiled at the remark, if the sarcasm had not offended her.

"Your lordship will therefore see," muttered he, reading to himself as he wrote, "that in yielding this point we are, while apparently making a concession, in reality obtaining a very considerable advantage—"

"Rather an English habit, I suspect," said she smiling.

"Picked up in the course of our Baltic trade, Princess. In sending us your skins, you smuggled in some of your sentiments; and Russian tallow has enlightened the nation in more ways than one!"

"You need it all, my dear chevalier," said she with a saucy smile. "Harzewitch told me that your diplomatic people were inferior to those of the third-rate German states; that in fact they never had any 'information.'"

"I know what he calls 'information,' Princess; and his remark is just. Our government is shockingly mean, and never would keep up a good system of spies."

"Spies; if you mean by an odious word to inculpate the honor of a high calling—"

"Pray forgive my interruption, but I am speaking in all good faith. When I said spy, it was in the bankrupt misery of a man who had nothing else to offer. I wanted to imply that pure but small stream which conveys intelligence from a fountain to a river it was not meant to feed. Wasn't that a carriage I heard in the 'cour'? O, pray don't open the window; there's an odious dibeccio blowing to-day, and there's nothing so injurious to the nervous system."

"A cabinet messenger, your Excellency," said a servant, entering.

"What a bore! I hoped I was safe from a dispatch for at least a month to come. I really believe they have no veneration for old institutions in England. They don't even celebrate Christmas!"

"I'm charmed at the prospect of a bag," cried the Princess.

"May I have the messenger shown in here, Princess?"

"Certainly; by all means."

"Happy to see your Excellency; hope your ladyship is in good health," said a smart-looking young fellow, who wore a much frogged pelisse, and sported a very well-trimmed mustache.

"Ah, Stevins, how d'ye do?" said Upton. "You've had a cold journey over the Cenis."

"Came by the Splugen, your Excellency. I went round by Vienna, and Maurice Esterhazy took me as far as Milan."

The Princess stared with some astonishment. That the messenger should thus familiarly style one of that great family was indeed matter of wonderment to her; nor was it lessened as Upton whispered her, "Ask him to dine."

"And London, how is it? Very empty, Stevins?" continued he.

"A desert," was the answer.

"Where's Lord Adderley?"

"At Brighton. The King can't do without him, greatly to Adderley's disgust, for he is dying to have a week's shooting in the Highlands."

"And Cantworth, where is he?"

"He's off for Vienna, and a short trip to Hungary. I met him at dinner at the mess while waiting for the Dover packet. By the way, I saw a friend of your Excellency's—Harcourt."

"Not gone to India?"

"No. They've made him a governor or a commander-in-chief of something in the Mediterranean. I forget exactly where or what."

"You have brought me a mighty bag, Stevins," said Upton, sighing. "I had hoped for a little ease and rest now that the House is up."

"They are all blue books, I believe," replied Stevins. "There's that blacking your Excellency wrote about, and the cricket bats; the lathe must come out by the frigate, and the down mattress at the same time."

"Just do me the favor to open the bag, my dear Stevins. I am utterly without aid here," said Upton, sighing drearily; and the other proceeded to litter the table and the floor with a variety of strange and incongruous parcels.

"Report of factory commissioners," cried he, throwing down a weighty quarto. "Yarmouth bloaters—Atkinson's cerulean paste for the eyebrows—Worcester sauce—trade returns for Tahiti—a set of shoe-making tools—eight bottles of Darby's pyloric collector—buffalo flesh brushes, devilish hard they seem—Hume's speech on the reduction of foreign legations—novels from Bull's—top boots for a tiger, and a

mass of letters," said Stevens, throwing them broadcast over the sofa.

"No dispatches?" cried Upton, eagerly.

"Not one, by Jove," said Stevens.

"Open one of those Darby's. I'll take a teaspoonful at once. Will you try it; Stevens?"

"Thanks, your Excellency, I never take physic."

"Well, you dine here then," said he, with a sly look at the Princess.

"Not to-day, your Excellency. I dine with Grammont at eight."

"Then I'll not detain you. Come back here to-morrow about eleven or a little later. Come to breakfast, if you like."

"At what hour?"

"I don't know—at any hour," sighed Upton, as he opened one of his letters and began to read, and Stevens bowed and withdrew, totally unnoticed and unrecognized as he slipped from the room.

One after another Upton threw down, after reading half a dozen lines, muttering some indistinct syllables over the dreary stupidity of letter writers in general. Occasionally he came upon some pressing appeal for money—some urgent request for even a small remittance by the next post, and these he only smiled at, while he re-folded them with a studious care and neatness. "Why will you not help me with this chaos, dear Princess?" said he, at last.

"I am only waiting to be asked," said she; but I feared that there might be secrets—"

"From you?" said he, with a voice of deep tenderness, while his eyes sparkled with an expression far more like railleury than affection. The Princess, however, had either not seen or not heeded it, for she was already deep in the correspondence.

"This is strictly private. Am I to read it?" said she.

"Of course," said he, bowing courteously. And she read:

"Dear Upton,—

"Let us have a respite from tariffs and trade talk for a month or two, and tell me rather what the world is doing around you. We have never got the right end of that story about the Princess Celestine as yet. Who was he? Not Labinsky, I'll be sworn. The K—insists it was Roseville, and I hope you may be able to assure me that he is mistaken. He is worse tempered than ever. That Glencore business has exasperated him greatly. Couldn't your Princess—the world calls her yours—" "How good of the world, and how delicate of your friend!" said she, smiling superciliously. "Let us see who the writer is. O! a great

man—the Lord Adderley," and went on with her reading.] "Couldn't your Princess find out something of real consequence to us about the Q—?"

"What Queen does he mean?" cried she, stopping.

"The Queen of Sheba, perhaps," said Upton, biting his lips with anger, while he made an attempt to take the letter from her.

"Pardon, this is interesting," said she, and went on:—"We shall want it soon; that is, if the manufacturing districts will not kindly afford us a diversion by some open-air demonstrations and a collision with the troops. We have offered them a most taking bait, by announcing, wrongfully, the departure of six regiments for India; thus leaving the large towns in the north apparently ungarrisoned. They are such poltroons that the chances are they'll not bite! You were right about Emerson. We have made his brother a bishop, and he voted with us on the arms bill. Cole is a sterling patriot and an old whig. He says nothing shall seduce him from his party, save a Lordship of the Admiralty. Corruption everywhere, my dear Upton, except on the Treasury benches!

"Holecroft insists on being sent to Petersburg, and having ascertained that the Emperor will not accept him, I have induced the K—to nominate him to the post. Non culpa nostra, &c. He can scarcely vote against us after such an evidence of our good will. Find out what will give most umbrage to your Court, and I'll tell you why in my next.

"Don't bother yourself about the Greeks. The time is not come yet, nor will it till it suit our policy to loosen the ties with Russia. As to France, there is not, nor will there be in our time at least, any government there. We must deal with them as with a public meeting, which may reverse to-morrow the resolutions they have adopted to-day. The French will never be formidable till they are unanimous. They'll never be unanimous till we declare war with them! Remember, I don't want anything serious with Cineselli. Irritate and worry as much as you can. Send even for a ship or two from Malta, but go no further. I want this for our radicals at home. Our own friends are in the secret. Write me a short dispatch about our good relations with the Two Sicilies; and send me some news in a private letter. Let me have some ortolans in the bag, and believe me yours, "ADDERLEY."

"There," said she, turning over a number of letters with a mere glance at their contents, "these are all trash—shooting and fox-hunting news, which one reads in the

newspapers better, or at least more briefly narrated, with all that death and marriage intelligence which you English are so fond of parading before the world. But what is this literary gem here? Where did the paper come from? And that wonderful seal, and still more wonderful address? 'To his Worshipful Excellency the Truly Worthy and Right Honorable Sir Horace Upton, Plenipotentiary, Negotiator, and Extraordinary Diplomatist, living at Naples.'

"What can it mean?" said he, languidly.

"You shall hear," said she, breaking the massive seal of green wax, which, to the size of a crown piece, ornamented one side of the epistle. "It is dated Schwatz, Tyrol, and begins, 'Venerated and Reverend Excellency, when these unsymmetrically designed, and not more ingeniously conceived syllables—Let us see his name,' said she, stopping suddenly, and, turning to the last page, read, 'W. T. *vulgo*, Billy Traynor, a name cognate to your Worshipful Eminence in times past.'

"To be sure, I remember him perfectly—a strange creature, that came out here with that boy you heard me speak of. Pray, read on."

"I stopped at 'syllables.' Yes—when these curiously conceived syllables, then, 'come under the visionary apertures of your acute understanding, they will disclose to your much reflecting and nice discriminating mind, as cruel and murderous a deed as ever a miscreant imagination suggested to a diabolically constructed and nefariously fashioned organization, showing that nature in her bland adaptiveness never imposes a mistaken fruit on a genuine arborescence."

"Do you understand him?" asked she.

"Partly, perhaps," continued he. "Let us have the subject.—'Not to weary your exalted and never enough to be esteemed intelligence, I will proceed without further ambiguities or circumgyratory evolutions, to the main body of my allegation. It happened in this way. Charley—your venerated worship knows who I mean—Charley, ever deep in marmorial pursuits, and far progressed in sculptorial excellence, with a genius that Phidias, if he did not envy, would esteem—'

"Really I cannot go on with these interminable parentheses," said she. "You must decypher them yourself."

Upton took the letter, and read it, at first hastily, and then recommencing, with more of care and attention, occasionally stopping to reflect and consider the details. "This is likely to be a troublesome business," said he. "This boy has got himself in a considerable scrape. Love and a duel are bad enough; but an Austrian state prison, and a

sentence of twenty years in irons, are even worse. So far as I can make out from my not over lucid correspondent, he had conceived a violent affection for a young lady at Massa, to whose favor a young Austrian of high rank at the same time pretended."

"Wahnsdorf, I'm certain," broke in the Princess—"and the girl, that Mademoiselle—"

"Harley," interposed Sir Horace.

"Just so—Harley—pray go on," said she, eagerly.

"A very serious altercation and a duel were the consequences of this rivalry, and Wahnsdorf has been dangerously wounded; his life is still in peril. The Harleys have been sent out of the country, and my unlucky protégé, handed over to the Austrians, has been tried, condemned, and sentenced to twenty years in Kuffstein, a Tyrol fortress where great severity is practised; from the neighborhood of which this letter is written, entreating my speedy interference and protection."

"What can you do? It is not even within your jurisdiction," said she carelessly.

"True, nor was the capture by the Austrians within theirs, Princess. It is a case where assuredly everybody was in the wrong, and therefore admirably adapted for nice negotiation."

"Who and what is the youth?"

"I have called him a protégé."

"Has he no more tender claim to the affectionate solicitude of Sir Horace Upton?" said she, with an easy air of sarcasm.

"None, on my honor," said he eagerly.

"None at least of the kind you infer. His is a very sad story, which I'll tell you about at another time. For the present I may say that he is English, and as such must be protected by the English authorities. The government of Massa have clearly committed a great fault in handing him over to the Austrians. Stubber must be brought to book for this, in the first instance. By this we shall obtain a perfect insight into the whole affair."

"The Imperial family will never forgive an insult offered to one of their own blood," said the Princess, haughtily.

"We shall not ask them to forgive anything, my dear Princess. We shall only prevent their natural feelings betraying them into an act of injustice. The boy's offence, whatever it was, occurred outside the frontier, as I apprehend."

"How delighted you English are when you can convert an individual case into an international question. You would at any moment sacrifice an ancient alliance to the trumpy claim of an aggrieved tourist!"

said she, rising angrily, and swept out of the room ere Sir Horace could arise to open the door for her.

Upton walked slowly to the chimney and rang the bell. "I shall want the caleche and post-horses at eight o'clock, Antoine.

Put up some things for me, and get all my furs ready." And with this he measured forty drops from a small phial he carried in his waistcoat pocket, and sat down to pare his nails with a very diminutive penknife.

Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and the adjacent Regions: a Journal of Travels in the year 1852. By Edward Robinson, Eli Smith, and others. Drawn up from the original Diaries, with Historical Illustrations, by Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. With Maps and Plans. Murray.

THIS volume completes the set of Biblical Researches which have been pursued with so much skill and deliberation as to place Dr. Robinson's travels in Palestine high in esteem as one of the most valuable sources of information known to students of the geography of Scripture. The new volume describes travels in the year 1852, partly over old ground, with a view to the farther investigation of the evidence on which former conclusions that had not met with general assent were founded, partly for the sake of examining Galilee and other portions of the country that had not been visited by Dr. Robinson before. In this, as in the former journey, the American divine has had, over a great part of the ground, the company of Dr. Eli Smith, and his work is enriched by a free use of the notes placed at his disposal by Dr. Smith, and by two other occasional helpers on the road, the Rev. W. M. Thomson and the Rev. S. Robson. The volume may be accepted, by those who do not possess its predecessors, as an independent book of travel in the Holy Land, for purposes of Biblical research. It is complete in itself, though really an appendage to the former work, and published uniformly with a new edition of it.

Galilee and Samaria, an exceedingly elaborate study of Jerusalem, and accounts of Damascus, of Lebanon with its cedars, and of Ba'albek with its temples, are the topics chiefly discussed in the course of Dr. Robinson's account of his last travels. They are his last in the strictest sense. Having done all he could to place a standard work of topographical research, in a complete state as a book of reference, upon the shelves of European scholars, he desires now, time and strength permitting, to devote himself to the digestion of his knowledge, and, according to the desire he has expressed from the first, to use the materials he has been collecting for the purpose they were meant to serve, namely, "for the preparation of a systematic work on the physical and historical geography of the Holy

Land." Great will be our loss if he be frustrated in his intention; therefore with all the sincerity of selfishness we wish him health and leisure.—*Examiner*.

Stories by an Archæologist and his Friends. Bell and Daldy.

It is supposed, or it is a fact, that certain travellers—an English merchant loitering on his grand tour, he being the archæologist himself, an English botanist studying the flora of the South of Europe, a young Spanish poet, a French surgeon, an Italian *savant*, an English painter, and one or two more persons, all possessed with a taste for the study of antiquities, becoming friends at Naples, formed a little institute of their own, and, meeting periodically at each other's rooms, amused themselves with the production, among other things, of monthly stories. These stories, we are to assume, are now collected in two volumes, and connected with some reminiscences of the proceedings of the little club by its "last secretary."

The plan of the book is attractive, for to anybody who knows where to look for it there is perhaps more romance of human life connected with antiquities than with any other study pursued under the sun. It is not the fault of their pursuit if many antiquarians, killing the spirit with the letter, are dull dogs, and we are glad to report that in the writer or the writers of this book there is but little dullness to be found. There is sometimes a touch of crudeness in the manner of narration, but the stories all have life in them, and the spice of archæology with which they are flavored gives a relish that is new, although produced out of the oldest things.—*Examiner*.

ROYAL PRIVILEGES AT UNIVERSITIES.—Can persons who can prove their descent from the Conqueror, or any other King of England, claim to have a degree conferred upon them, by either University without residing the ordinary time? Are such persons entitled to any, and what, privileges?—*Notes and Queries*.

Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?—*Jean Paul*.

From the French of Fenelon.

THE LITTLE ABBEY OF CARENNAC

(ON THE DORDOGNE).

HERE—in God's house of the open dome—
 Vigil is kept by the pilgrim-breeze;
 Here, from its sun-illumined tome,
 Labor intones its litanies.
 For discipline, here is the chastening rain;
 For burden, the fruit of the bending tree;
 The thorn of the rose for a pleasant pain;
 And palm for a costless victory.
 O! if my vow but bound to these,
 'Twere long ere this laggard step grew slack.
 O, that the wilful world would please
 To leave me my flocks, my birds, and bees,
 My ivied stall and my hours of ease,
 And my little Abbey of Carennac!

Far from the city's guarded gate,
 Free from the crush of its silken crowds,
 I see the sun in his purple state,
 And the changing face of the courtier-clouds.
 My thoughts are mine when my task is sped;
 My head aches not, and my heart is full;
 And the laurels that cumber my careless tread
 Are the only ones that I choose to pull.
 Away from my friends, I love them best;
 Away from my books, no lore I lack:
 Here—no longer a flying guest,
 With wavering foot that finds no rest—
 Truth comes home to this lonely breast
 In this little Abbey of Carennac.

Thus, half-hid from the smile of Spring
 Under the bough of a blossomed tree,
 My single wish is the grace to sing
 The praise of a spot where a bard should be.
 Sounding clear as the forest call—
 Wakening man in the monarch's breast,
 Many-voiced as the waters fall—
 Speaking to every soul's unrest,
 My song should seize with a musical sway
 Yon green twin-isles and their busy bay,
 The hamlet white and the convent gray,
 And the lodge for the wanderer on his way,
 And thus to my France in my life
 Give my little Abbey of Carennac.

To journey again o'er the hard highway;
 To enter a garrulous, troublous train;
 Uncalled to come, and unbids obey:
 To feign it pleasure, and feel it pain.
 To float—a straw on an idle stream;
 To glitter—a mote by the sunbeam sought;
 To walk—a shade in a waking dream;
 To strive for nothings where all is nought.
 An iron tongue to summon away,
 And a rope of sand to hold me back,
 Are the call to go, and the will to stay—
 Clamorous Duty and still Delay:
 O gilded gloom! O green and gay
 Of my little Abbey of Carennac!
 Fields that teem with the fruits of peace,
 Let your reapers reap, and your binders bind!
 I cannot flee, for a fond caprice
 Yon stony spot to my hand assigned.

To me are numbered the seeds that grow;
 Not mine the loss of the perished grain,
 If working I watch for the time to sow,
 And waiting pray for the sun and rain.
 My day to God and the King I lend:
 The wish of my heart will bring me back,
 A few last, lightsome hours to spend,
 And to pass with my lifelong looked-for friend,
 Through a quiet night and a perfect end,
 From my little Abbey of Carennac.
 —Chambers' Journal.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM A POEM BY CHARLES BONER.

LIKE the wooing dove,
 Breathing an air of tenderness around;
 Anon then changing suddenly, as though
 Some store of joy at length had found a voice;
 And fast and eager gave it utterance so,
 Ere the full heart had finished to rejoice—
 Thine seemeth not one voice, but many, flowing
 Like welling streams escaping from their
 thrall,
 Stopped but by floating lilies near them growing,
 And making many a noisy water-fall—
 A rivulet of voices, sweetly blending
 In choral harmony; then quickly after
 Changing, beyond all human comprehending,
 Now to a voice of grief, and now of laughter.
 As sudden as the sun in April time,
 It bursts in gladness forth, fresh, thrilling,
 loud;
 Partaking, like the year's most fitful prime,
 Of joy and gloom—the rainbow and the cloud.
 That voice in listening silence all hath bound,
 So wild and thrilling is its witching tone;
 A wondrous melody—a stream of sound
 That floateth on and on, still ever, ever on.
 —Chambers' Journal.

In reading Authors, when you find
 Bright Passages that strike your Mind,
 And which perhaps you may have Reason
 To think on at another Season,
 Be not contented with the Sight,
 But take them down in *Black and White*;
 Such a Respect is wisely shown
 That makes another's Sense one's own.

In Conversation, when you meet
 With Persons cheerful and discreet,
 That speak, or quote, in Prose, or Rhime,
 Things or facetious, or sublime,
 Observe what passes, and anon,
 When you come Home think thereupon;
 Write what occurs, forget it not,
 A good Thing sav'd's a good Thing got.
 —Notes and Queries.

From Household Words.

MICROSCOPICS.

Two instruments, in modern times, have enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge to an immeasurable extent. The scope of the one takes in everything that lies at a distance; or *τῆλε*, tele, in Greek, whence it is called a telescope; the other directs its penetrating glance to whatever is small, or *μικρός*, micros, and is therefore styled a microscope. The one helps us to look out into infinite space; the other assists us to dart an inquisitive glance into infinite minuteness and the endless divisibility of material objects. The two instruments, combined, make us ask ourselves whether there be any limit to anything, in any direction, outwardly or inwardly, in immensity or in infinitesimal exiguity. We learn that the universe is a vast aggregate of universes. We cannot conceive a boundary wall, where space ends, and there is nothing—absolutely nothing, not even extension—beyond. In fact, a pure and absolute nothing is an utterly inconceivable idea. Neither do we learn from improved telescopes of unprecedented power that such a thing exists as empty space, untenanted by suns, their systems, and their galaxies. On the other hand, the deeper we penetrate inwardly, the more finely we subdivide, the wider we separate atomic particles and dissect them by the scalpel of microscopic vision, the more we want to subdivide and analyze still. We find living creatures existing which bear about the same relation to a flea, in respect to size, as the flea does to the animal whose juices it sucks. The most powerful microscopes, so far from giving a final answer to our curious inquiries, only serve to make us cognizant of organized beings whose anatomy and even whose general aspect we shall never discover till we can bring to bear upon them, in their magnified state, another microscope concentrated within the microscope, by which alone we are enabled to view them at all. In short, as there is clearly no boundary to infinite space, above, below, and around; so, there would appear to be no discoverable limit to the inconceivable multiplicity of details of minuteness. A drop of water is a universe. The weakness of our eyes and the imperfection of our instruments, and not the physical constitution of the drop itself, are the sole reasons, as far as we know at present, why we do not behold infinity within the marvellous drop.

The grand start in microscopic power was made soon after the foundation of the Royal Society, in sixteen hundred and sixty. Robert Hooke's *Micrographia*, was published in sixteen hundred and sixty-seven, containing descriptions of minute bodies magnified by glasses. It is illustrated with thirty-eight plates, and remains an astonishing production. One of the grand wrinkles which he bequeathed to us, was his method of illuminating opaque objects by placing a glass globe, filled with salt water or brine, immediately in front of a lamp: the pencil of rays from the globe were received by a small plano-convex lens, placed with its convex side nearest the globe, which consequently condensed them upon the object. Shortly afterwards, the famous Leeuwenhoek astonished the world, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, by the discovery of numerous marvels, each one more surprising than its predecessors. Although the instruments he employed were superior to any that had been previously made, they were also remarkable for their simplicity; each consisting of a single lens,—double convex, and not a sphere or globule—set between two plates of silver that were perforated with a small hole, with a moveable pin before it, to place the object on, and adjust it to the eye of the beholder. At his death, he left a cabinet of twenty-six microscopes as a legacy, to the Royal Society. All the parts of these microscopes are of silver, and fashioned by Leeuwenhoek's own hands. The glasses, which are excellent, were all ground and set by himself, each instrument being devoted to one or two objects only, and could be applied to nothing else. This method led him to make a microscope with a glass adapted to almost every object, till he had got some hundreds of them. The highest magnifying power was a hundred and sixty diameters, and the lowest forty. Leeuwenhoek was a striking example of the boundless fields of knowledge which are open to the explorer, without employing the higher powers which modern art has placed at his disposal.

But another microscopic era—an epoch of absolute regeneration, has commenced, dating from about twenty years ago. The real improvements effected of late in the instrument have justly raised it into high favor, both with learned inquirers into the mysteries of nature, and with amateurs, who seek no more than the means of interesting information

and varied amusement. Glasses have been made truly achromatic; that is, they show objects clearly, without any colored fringe or burr around them; several clever contrivances for making the most of light have been adopted; and, besides all that, the mechanical working of the instrument has been made so steady, delicate, and true, that a very little practice renders the student competent to make the most of his tools. In consequence, there are very many persons, in England especially, who indulge themselves with the gratification of examining the secrets of organized objects; makers are pressed for instruments of a superior class, and the number of microscopic aspirants is on the increase every day.

Microscopes vary greatly in construction and price, and beginners are puzzled what to ask for. You may buy a microscope new—not a second-hand bargain—for from less than a pound to a hundred and twenty pounds and upwards. It thus appears that every one who is not quite pinched in circumstances, may treat himself to an instrument of some kind or other. But it is a comfort to know that, although with a hundred guineas' microscope you will have your money's worth in scientific skill, in the perfection of beautiful workmanship, and in every microscopical luxury that art can supply, yet that an instrument costing less than one-tenth or one-twentieth of that sum will open the portals of an unseen world, will afford immense instruction and endless amusement, and will even enable the industrious observer to discover new facts.

My own advice is, to treat a budding microscopist—even supposing that individual to be yourself—as you would fit out a lad with his first watch; set him up with a low priced one—not a bad one—to begin with. He will pull it to pieces, to see how it goes; he will learn the uses of its parts; and he will thus have a better guess as to what sort of better one he would like to have next, and why. Simple microscopes, like Leeuwenhoek's, are little used now; nor would they suit school-boys or adult learners, because they require Leeuwenhoek's eyes, tact, and dexterity, to derive from them all the profit obtainable. Of compound microscopes, composed of several lenses, there are numerous forms; the great point is, that they should be good of their kind; that is, with good lenses. Bad lenses

are simply fit to play ducks and drakes with on the nearest pond. Smith and Beck's (of Coleman Street) Educational Microscope, costing ten pounds, is well spoken of by high authority. Even this is a large sum for many persons, who ought to see the things of which they read. Thus, it has been pertinently urged, that there is not a gardener who does not read of cells and woody tubes and spiral vessels, of stomates and epidermis. Without a microscope what idea can he form of these bodies? And yet, since they constitute the wondrous mechanism of a plant, to know nothing certainly of their nature, is to know nothing distinctly of those workings in the life of a plant with which he has to deal, and with which he should be familiar. Again, we are told that every one has the word adulteration in his mouth: lectures are given on adulterated food: books are written on adulterated objects of commerce: prosecutions are instituted because of adulterated articles of excise. In all these cases the naked eye is powerless. It is only when armed with the magical powers of an achromatic lens that fraud becomes palpable to the senses. Certainly, a microscope of moderate cost might advantageously make part of the furniture or property of every reading-room that is not a mere news-room; of every public library and literary institution. So might persons of practically-useful callings—like the aforesaid gardeners—become more intimately acquainted with their friends and their foes; with the structure of the plants which constitute their crops, and with the mildew plants which ravage them. A subscriber, having swallowed suspicious tea for breakfast, might bring a pinch in a wisp of paper, and, by the aid of the searcher belonging to the club, could prove the presence of leaves that never grew on tea-shrubs; not to mention bits of Prussian blue, turmeric, and China clay. In vain would the grocer take his affidavit to the genuineness of the article. Seeing is believing. Think of that, ye mixers of chicory and roasted wheat with coffee, and of all manner of what-nots with chicory and roasted wheat themselves! Think of that, ye multipliers of chocolate by the agency of brick-dust, potato-starch, old sea-biscuits, ochre, peroxide of iron, branny flour, tallow, and greaves!

Beginners generally hanker after high powers; but high powers will not show them what they most want to see, as elementary

peeps. With a high power you cannot survey the entire portly presence of a male flea, though his stature be smaller than that of his hen. You cannot, with it, haughtily scan from top to toe a parasite from a peacock's plume, or a human head. You cannot, by its aid, admire a miniature flower; such as a floweret from a daisy-club, or a member of a carrot-blossom society, in its complete contour of prettiness. You can only thus look at a fragment, a claw, a tongue, a jaw, a proboscis, an eye, a petal, an anther, or a bit of one. But it is as well to see how things look in their integrity, before you begin to dissect them into morsels. I confess it—my own working instruments (in stricter truth, my implements of recreation) are a humble two-guinea one, principally for opaque objects—of which I almost always use the second power only—and another of not much greater pretensions, costing three guineas and a-half, which is more frequently than not employed (mostly for transparent objects) with a force below its utmost pressure of steam. I keep in reserve a several horse-power of amplification for extraordinary occasions. Both these microscopes are from Amadio, of Throgmorton Street, and are excellent of their kind, the more expensive one especially. Thus, for a sum which has not ruined me, and for which I can proudly show the stamped receipts, I am master of a higher magnifying power than Leeuwenhoek had at his command; notwithstanding which I have considerable doubts whether I shall ever rival his scientific eminence. You will understand that nothing herein premised is contrary to the possibility that I have safe in my closet a hundred guinea microscope, for Sundays, and holidays, unless you are thinking of presenting me with one, to aid my studies; in which case, I beg to withdraw the observation. But never forget that the excellence and value of a microscope do not consist in the greatness of its magnifying power. So far from that, if the instrument be muddle-headed and cloudy, the stronger it is the worse it is: and that instrument is the most efficient which renders the details of an object perceptible with the lowest power. Distinctness of definition—by which is meant the power of rendering all the minute lineaments clearly seen—is a quality of greater importance than mere magnifying power. Indeed, without this quality, mere magnifying

power ceases to have any value; since the object appears merely as a huge, misty phantom, like Ossian's cloudy heroes. It is more satisfactory to gaze upon a tight little yacht in bright, clear sunshine, than to be able to say you have seen the hazy outline of a vast line-of-battle-ship, looming indistinctly through a dense fog.

Leeuwenhoek's plan of having a multiplicity of instruments is a good one, for many reasons. Only to mention two; first, the saving of the time required to screw on, and unscrew, object-glasses. Secondly, the feeble instrument will act as a finder for the stronger. It will play the jackal to the lion, and often inform you whether there is anything worth looking at. In justice, be it added, that, in this country, Mr. Ross, and also Messrs. Powell and Lealand, enjoy a celebrity as microscope-makers, which they would not have attained if they had not deserved it: while, in Paris, M. Nacet's name is in every microscopist's mouth. There is an old-fashioned, little, simple, pocket microscope for transparent objects only—Wilson's, who flourished about seventeen hundred—which is a great favorite with many a peripatetic Paul Pry, and which is so convenient and entertaining as to be worth purchasing—good and cheap—when it falls in your way in its antique mounting.

The more powerful and refined the instrument, the more difficult is its management, and the greater are the skill and tact required to make it of any service to its owner. The apparent increase of size given to an object is usually spoken of in diameters, or the linear measure across it in any direction. Thus, fancy a circle magnified to another which has a hundred times its original diameter, and you have an increase of some considerable importance. A moon shining in the heavens with a diameter a hundred times that of our own monthly moon, or fifty degrees across, instead of half a degree, would be enough to make every sane man a lunatic and convert simple lunatics into raving madmen. Supposing it were possible to construct a microscope that should magnify, say a bull-dog, only sixty diameters, and that there were eyes capable of using such a microscope—what a monstrous bull-dog the image would be. Dr. Lardner coolly discourses of "the superior class of instruments, where magnifying power is pushed to so extreme a limit as fifteen

hundred or two thousand." Of course first-class microscopes such as these demand the most masterly skill from the optician, and are affected by infinitesimally small derangements. Mr. Quekett gives drawings of *Naviculae* magnified twelve hundred and two thousand diameters respectively; only making you wish for a good microscope to bear upon these, the magnified drawings.

Again, for your comfort, dear reader, with limited means like myself, one of the first microscopists living, M. le Dr. Ch. Robin, tells you that the magnifying power of the microscope can reach as far as a thousand or eleven hundred real diameters; that faulty modes of mensuration have been the only cause of making people believe they had obtained more considerable amplifying powers. It ought, moreover, to be known, he says, that when once eight hundred diameters are passed, object-glasses and eye-glasses which magnify further, fail to show the slightest novelty; not that the light is absolutely too feeble, or the colors of the object too diffuse, but simply because nothing additional is perceived beyond what was seen at seven or eight hundred diameters. It very rarely or never happens that there is any need to go beyond six hundred diameters for pathological observations; which in general require the highest magnifying powers. Bear in mind, also, what Leeuwenhoek did with a hundred and sixty diameters as his extreme power. Look at a cheese-mite with a power of thirty only, and you will be astonished if you have never so seen one before. Students, whose aims at starting are not quite extraordinary, will learn more than they can anticipate in their wildest dreams, if they have at hand the means of magnifying an object two hundred and fifty diameters, at the outside. Nevertheless, it is good for them to be able to get at a more powerful instrument from time to time.

If you can, get the maker himself to show you the special mode of handling the instrument you select. Generally, the thing to be viewed, on a slip of glass, is held down on the stage by springs, or is slipped through grooves, something like the painted slides of a magic lantern. In order that it should be clearly seen, the instrument must be brought to its exact focus (the Latin word for fireplace), or the point where the converging and concentrated rays meet, and which is, in fact,

the point at which a burning-glass becomes incendiary. First, the approximate or rough focus is found, either by slipping the instrument through a sort of telescope tube, or by a rack-work; and then the very precise point is hit upon by turning a fine adjustment or micrometer screw. By pushing the slide or port-object backward and forward with the thumbs of each hand, the object is examined in its breadth and length; by turning the micrometer screw, in its depth and thickness. For, with a high power, you cannot see the whole of a single globule at once; an almost insensible turn of the screw brings a fresh portion of the object within the focus. But these little manipulations are not acquired without a fatiguing amount of practice, even though the image seen is reversed; that is, to make it go to the right you must push the object-slide to the left, and to move it apparently upward you must direct your gentle touches downward.

Next, as to microscopic books. It is a good plan, when you want to comprehend a subject, to get together all the works that treat of it. On looking them through, the repetitions and the chaff are sifted away without much exertion of intellect, and you are then possessed of all the solid grain. Three modern works are so good, and so wonderfully cheap, that the young microscopist will assuredly purchase the entire trio: *The Microscope and its Revelations*, by Dr. Carpenter, with three hundred and fifty woodcuts; *The Microscope, its History, Construction, and Applications*, by Jabez Hogg, M.R.C.S., with upwards of five hundred engravings; and *The Microscope*, by Dr. Lardner, with a hundred and forty-seven engravings. The utility of the last work is much diminished by the want of an index, and still more by the affectation, after Cobbett, of not being paged; the only guide to its valuable contents are figures which refer to paragraphs. Quekett on the Microscope, Pritchard's Microscopic Cabinet, and *Of Microscopes*, and the Discoveries made thereby, by Henry Baker, may be profitably consulted. For physiological students, the works of Dr. Robin (in French) and of Dr. Hassell are of the highest interest.

But a microscope, and a library in alliance with it, alone, without plenty of objects to look at, are a theatre with its repertory of plays, but wanting scenery and actors. It is the opera-house and its accumulated scores,

minus the fiddlers, the singers, and the dancers. Microscopists, therefore, must provide themselves both with living performers and inanimate decorations. Happily our artists do not ask the salaries of Piccolomini, or Rosati, and are content to wait the call-boy's summons in a green-room of quite modest dimensions and furniture. One or two shelves, filled with bottles, boxes, and pots, will serve as the menagerie for an innumerable company of first-rate performers, whose talents are unrivalled in their respective lines of parts. Thus, one of the celebrities who was among the first to make his appearance on the microscopic stage—the paste-eel—is open to an engagement at any period of the year. Simply take note that the paste proper for procuring the animalcules called eels, is made with flour and water only—that of the shops, containing resin and other matters, being unfit for the purpose. It must be made very thick, and well boiled; when cold, it should be beaten and thoroughly stirred with a wooden spatula. This must be repeated every day, to prevent mildew on its surface; previously examining a portion with a magnifier, to ascertain whether it contains any eels. If the weather be warm, a few days will suffice to produce them. When they are once obtained, their motion on the surface of the paste will prevent any mouldy growth, and it, therefore, requires no further attention. If the paste be too thin, the eels will creep up the sides of the paste-pot. In this case, a portion of very thick paste must be added, to preserve them. But the fresh supply must not be put upon them. They must be placed upon it. When you require her Majesty's servants in little to exhibit their graces, take a few drops of clean water, and put a small portion of the paste containing the eels into it. The water serves them as their bath and their dressing-room; after they have remained therein a minute or two they may be taken out, and placed under the microscope, when the first act of the comedy will begin. Their versatility of talent enables them to play even minor parts in tragedy. They are a favorite prey of many aquatic larvæ. When the latter are starrng upon your boards, put in a few supernumerary eels; they will be devoured without mercy, and will add much to the interest of the spectacle. You will have tableaux not inferior to those presented by the terrier

Billy in his great feat of killing a hundred rats in fifty seconds.

Paste-eels are still a mystery in their nature; they propagate only by bringing forth their young alive, as far as is known. How, then, do they come in the paste? if they lay no eggs, none can be floating about in the air. The boiling, one would think, must destroy any germs of life contained in the flour, or the water of which the paste is made. Most philosophers are afraid of admitting what is called spontaneous generation. It is not very clear why they fear it, since the admission would only be another form of expressing the unceasing as well as the infinite power, and the universal presence of the great Creator, who blew the breath of life into the nostrils of man himself.

Another set of players, much resembling the last, may be had from vinegar (home-made is the best, as the addition of sulphuric acid destroys your troop), that has stood uncovered, got flat, and has a mouldy scum on its surface. Vinegar eels will grow so large as to be discernible by the naked eye. A writhing mass, either of these, or the former species, is one of the most curious spectacles which the microscopist can exhibit to the inexperienced observer. If the vinegar wherein such eels abound be but moderately heated at the fire, they will all be killed and sink to the bottom; but cold does them no injury. After such vinegar has been exposed a whole night to the severest frost, and has been frozen and thawed, and frozen again several times over, the animalcules have been as brisk as ever. Still, they prefer not to have an icy bed, if they can help it. In cold weather, if oil be poured on vinegar containing eels, they will creep up into the oil floating on the surface, when the vinegar begins to freeze; but on thawing it, they return to their original home. To add variety to their gymnastic exercises, and their plastic poses, drop a few grains of sand amongst the eels you submit to your microscope; it will be an entertaining pantomime to see them struggling and embarrassed, like sea-serpents caught in a shower of rocky boulders. The Anguillulæ generally, or eel-like worms, including those of wheat and river-water, possess the additional recommendation (which they enjoy in common with certain other animalcules) of reviving, after they have become as dry as dust, at however remote an interval. You

may bequeath to your great-great-grandchildren the very identical acrobats whose agile feats you have applauded in your own day. It appears that the best means of securing a supply of paste eels for any occasion, consists in allowing any portion of a mass of paste in which they may present themselves to dry up; and then, laying this by so long as it may not be wanted, to introduce it into a mass of fresh paste, which, if it be kept warm and moist, will be found after a few days to swarm with these curious little creatures.

And so the actors attached to our minor theatre strut and fret their hour upon the stage. The downy atom which floats on the breeze, the drop of discolored stagnant water, the tiny vermin which invade our dwellings, the crystal which shapes itself into symmetry unseen, the cast-off skins of despised creeping things, the change effected in natural tissue by disease, the parasitic moulds which threaten the life of higher vegetables, the nameless creatures that breed and batten in mud and slime, the rejected worthless sediment of far-fetched fertilizers, the organized means of self-preservation, well-being, and dispersion with which the humblest weed is endowed, the gorgeous items composing the wardrobe inventory of the beetle, the butterfly, the caterpillar, and the moth—all are replete with marvels which would harass the mind, if they did not entrance it with delight. At the same time that they fill the soul with awe and wonder, they tend, more than all the doctrinal arguments that have ever been urged, to impress a consciousness and an undisputed admission of the existence of omniscience and omnipotence.

With a telescope directed towards one end of things created, and a microscope towards the other, we sigh to think how short is life,

and how long is the list of acquirable knowledge. Alas! what is man in the nineteenth century? It is provoking that, now we have the means of learning most, we have the least time to learn it in. If we had but the longevity of the antediluvian patriarchs, we might have some hope, not of completing our education, but of passing a respectable previous examination prior to our admittance into a higher school. The nearer we approach to infinite minuteness, the more we appreciate the infinite beauty and the infinite skill in contrivance and adaptation, which marks every production of the one great creative Hand.

[In order to guide the readers of the *LIVING AGE*, who may desire to buy microscopes in the United States, we have made inquiries on the subject of Mr. Edward S. Ritchie, philosophical instrument maker, 813 Washington street, Boston. We can heartily recommend persons at a distance to apply to Mr. R., who will fairly choose for them any articles in his line of business.

Microscopes have been successfully made in America, by Mr. Spenser, of New York State, and by Mr. Grunow, of New Haven. Mr. Spenser makes telescopes also, and so do Mr. Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., and Mr. Fitz, of New York City.

The writer in the foregoing article speaks only of English instruments. But the excise on glass manufactures in England was removed too recently for that people yet to equal the German or French workmen. The French excel in neatness and finish of their low-priced work. Almost all importations into the United States are from France. Nachet and Oberhauser are the most noted makers of microscopes.

One by Oberhauser, magnifying from sixty up to three hundred diameters, would cost about \$40; although others of the same maker come to \$80, and even to \$500, when wanted for polarized light, and of very deep powers. Instruments of unnoted makers may be had for two-thirds of these prices. We speak of achromatic microscopes.

The compound microscopes vary in price from \$3 to \$10.]

CREATION OF THE HUMAN RACE.—Dr. Hitchcock, the eminent geologist, said, in a recent discourse at Albany, that geological science places man among the most recent of created things. We find the surface of the earth composed, to the depth of some eight or ten miles, of rocks. These rocks are full of the remains of animals and plants. Thirty thousand species of them, which differ from any living species, have been disinterred, yet no human remains are found among them until the loose soil—alluvial—is reached, which soil is universally

acknowledged to be of recent origin. The remains of other animals are found several thousand feet below the surface, while the fossil remains of man have never been found so low as one hundred feet below the surface. But, if man had been in existence when these other animals lived whose remains were found at such depths, his remains would also have been found there; for his bones are of the same structure as theirs, and consequently no less likely to resist destruction.

From The Spectator.
OSBORN'S NARRATIVE OF M'CLURE'S
DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST
PASSAGE.*

SHERARD OSBORN is known to the world, not only as an Arctic explorer, but as a natural and vivid describer of Arctic scenery and of nautical enterprise and endurance. These qualities are as prominent in this account of his friend M'Clure's solution of the long-sought problem of the Northwest Passage from M'Clure's logs and journals as in the compiler's own "Stray Leaves." He rapidly passes over the daily details of nautical manœuvring, or of life during the wintry detention, which things render the generality of Arctic narratives flat if not tedious; and confines his story to rarer and more striking incidents, such as the dangers of the navigation in a narrow channel with an iron-bound coast on one side and ice-cliffs really more deadly on the other—the universal good spirit and good feeling of officers and men, shrinking from no hardship or danger, or even from hope deferred—the first solution of the great problem from Prince of Wales' Strait by an expedition over ice to the shores of Melville's Sound when prevented from reaching it in the good ship *Investigator* by the obstacle of an icy sea—and the dramatic meeting with Lieutenant Pim, dispatched by Captain Kellett to the assistance of the frozen-up mariners in the Bay of Mercy on Bank's Land. The third Arctic winter and a reduced allowance had told upon the health of the ship's company; scurvy had made its appearance; the first death had taken place; and Captain M'Clure had determined to form the unhealthiest men into two sledge-parties and send them away on the chance—a very slender chance—of reaching some place of refuge, he remaining by his ship with the others. A notification of his whereabouts that M'Clure had left at Winter Harbor, Melville Island, had been discovered by a sledge expedition of Captain Kellett; and on the first opportunity that officer despatched a small party to the Harbor

of Mercy. The incident, we believe, has been published already, but not in M'Clure's own words.

"The 6th of April, 1853, came in. A fine deer was hung up ready to be cut up for a hearty meal, and all hands were to partake of it before their separation, which was to take place in the following week: when an event occurred which rescued them from further suffering and trials of fortitude. I give Captain M'Clure's journal almost verbatim upon this day.

"While walking near the ship, in conversation with the First Lieutenant upon the subject of digging a grave for the man who died yesterday, and discussing how we could cut a grave in the ground whilst it was so hardly frozen (a subject naturally sad and depressing), we perceived a figure walking rapidly towards us from the rough ice at the entrance of the bay. From his pace and gestures we both naturally supposed at first that he was some one of our party pursued by a bear; but as we approached him, doubts arose as to who it could be. He was certainly unlike any of our men: but, recollecting that it was possible some one might be trying a new travelling dress preparatory to the departure of our sledges, and certain that no one else was near, we continued to advance. When within about two hundred yards of us, the strange figure threw up his arms, and made gesticulations resembling those used by Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech: and this brought us both fairly to a stand-still. The stranger came quietly on, and we saw that his face was as black as ebony; and really at the moment we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this or the other world: as it was, we gallantly stood our ground, and, had the skies fallen upon us, we could hardly have been more astonished than when the dark-faced stranger called out, "I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the *Herald*, and now in the *Resolute*. Captain Kellett is in her at Dealy Island."

"To rush at and seize him by the hand was the first impulse, for the heart was too full for the tongue to speak. The announcement of relief being close at hand, when none was supposed to be even within the Arctic Circle, was too sudden, unexpected, and joyous, for our minds to comprehend it at once. The news flew with lightning rapidity; the ship was all in commotion; the sick, forgetful of their maladies, leaped from their hammocks; the artificers dropped their tools, and the lower deck was cleared of men; for they all rushed for the hatch-

* *The Discovery of the Northwest Passage by H.M.S. Investigator, Capt. R. M'Clure, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854. Edited by Commander Sherard Osborn, Author of "Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal."* From the Logs and Journals of Captain Robert Le M. M'Clure. Illustrated by Commander S. Gurney Cresswell, R.N. Published by Longman and Co.

way, to be assured that a stranger was actually amongst them and that his tale was true. Despondency fled the ship; and Lieutenant Pim received a welcome, pure, hearty, and grateful, that he will assuredly remember and cherish to the end of his days.

"In a very short time the dog-sledge with two men arrived, and long and eager were the conversations and questionings which ensued. The Investigators felt perfectly bewildered with the rescue which had reached them just in time to save, in all probability, the lives of the thirty persons who were about to attempt to reach home with sledges and boats (as well as of that forlorn hope who were to remain behind); and when the fact had perfectly realized itself to all, it may be imagined what their feelings were."

As Captain Kellett was the first to rescue the Investigator's crew, so he had been the last to speed the good ship on her voyage. Some three years before, he had been cruising off Behring's Straits; and, as he was the senior officer, it depended upon his fiat whether M'Clure should proceed or be delayed for the chance of Captain Collinson's arrival in the *Enterprise*.

"At last Captain Kellett consented that the Investigator should part company; but he first of all supplied Captain M'Clure's wants, by giving him three volunteers, and furnishing him with such articles as his own stores would admit of. The reader will sympathize with the generous feelings of those who, like the Captain and officers of the *Herald*, were thus, for the last time perhaps, in this world, shaking by the hand men bound upon a service as hazardous as it was glorious, and they will understand how trying a moment it must have been for one circumstanced as Captain Kellett was, to say to such a body as the Investigators—'Go on!' when he knew full well that from where they then stood there lay before them for full nine hundred miles, upon the one hand a shoal and dangerous coast, upon the other a heavy and hopeless sea of ice.

"The Investigator had not long borne up on her solitary course under a heavy press of sail, when the signal was made—'Had you better not wait forty-eight hours?' The reply was characteristic—'Important duty. Cannot upon my own responsibility.' In a few hours the Investigator was alone, the wind changing to the N.E. quarter."

It is not only in the selection of the matter and its presentation that Captain Osborn's book differs from the generality of "voyages and travels." Although the principal, M'Clure's is not the only expedition

exhibited. A general account is given of the voyage of Captain Collinson, the superior officer of M'Clure, from whom he was parted by stress of weather and other incidents of navigation; a coup d'œil also is presented of the other efforts that were made during the whole period of M'Clure's voyage, 1850-'54. This plan brings before the reader a view of the whole subject, and enables him to apprehend all that was doing in those Northern regions, rendering the work not only popular but complete. At the same time, this readableness is gained by an occasional appearance of rather too much writing, not in the sense of word-spinning, but of obvious composition. There is, too, a freedom of censure, nearly always after the event; as well as a long examination of Sir Edward Belcher's conduct in abandoning the vessels, and some imputation of motives which it would be difficult to prove, and much of which had better have been reserved for that Sequel to his *Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal* which Captain Osborn promises.

It will be recollected, that the expedition of Captains Collinson and M'Clure started from the Pacific to make their way Eastward, while all the others proceeded from Baffin Bay to work their course to the West. Beyond the common difficulties of navigation among the ice, the obstacles to meeting from these two opposite quarters are embraced within a few hundred miles. Neither Collinson nor M'Clure found any very great obstacles to making their way from Behring's Straits between the coast of North America and the ice to within a comparatively short distance of Melville Sound. Collinson indeed reached it within *twenty-five miles* in his second season (having started late), and M'Clure not quite so near in his first season. When M'Clure found himself stopped by the ice at the Northern mouth of Prince of Wales Strait (lying between Banks' and Prince Albert's Lands), he returned on his steps, and sailed, with danger certainly but without insuperable impediments, till he reached the Bay of Mercy, almost opposite "Parry's Farthest West, of August, 1820." Vessels starting from the other or Baffin Bay side meet only the usual difficulties of Northern navigation till about the mouth of Wellington Channel—they seem able to get out and home in a single season. Beyond Wellington Channel

to the Eastern part of Melville Island (in about 105 degrees West longitude) the difficulties and uncertainties multiply: a vessel may be frozen up and delayed two or three years or more. The two hundred intervening miles are the great and according to experience insurmountable labor. Captain Kellett, in 1852, pushed on nearly as far as Winter Harbor, but could get no nearer to Parry's Farthest. This last point is some fifty miles from M'Clure's Harbor of Mercy, where his ship was left, but lies on nearly the same parallel of longitude as Collinson's Farthest on Prince of Wales Strait, a frozen sea only intervening. Thus, though the North-West Passage is demonstrated, it has not been made by a vessel, though the sea has been passed over by seamen, and the passage itself been accomplished by M'Clure and his crew.

It will be understood that the difficulties of navigation along the coast of America are by no means slight. In making way against an adverse wind, the narrow channel compels continual tacking, often with hardly room to do it; masses of floating ice encumber the sea, collision with which is dangerous; shoals constantly beset the navigator, compelling incessant heaving of the lead; while fogs and driving sleet or snow circumscribe the look-out. The great danger began when sailing along the more Northernly part of the western coast of Banks' Land. The Cape Kellett of the following extract is the most Westerly point of the Land.

"In the afternoon Cape Kellett was rounded, with some little difficulty, the ship passing, with sufficient water to float her, between the edge of grounded ice and the coast. The land was now so low that the hand lead-line became for awhile their best guide; the soundings happily were regular, and, aided by it and a fair wind, they advanced apace to the Northward: throughout the 19th the ship sometimes ran as much as seven knots per hour, the width of the lane of water in which they were sailing varying from three to five miles. Noon that day found them in 73° 55' North latitude, and 123° 52' 30'' West longitude, and already did Captain M'Clure count upon extending his voyage to the North of Melville Island, and then striking for some Strait, or Sound leading into Baffin's Bay!

"That night, however, a sudden and remarkable change took place. They had just crossed Burnet Bay, within Norway

and Robilliard Island, when the coast suddenly became as abrupt and precipitous as a wall; the water was very deep, sixty fathoms by the lead-line within four hundred yards of the face of the cliffs, and fifteen fathoms water when actually touching them. The lane of water had diminished to two hundred yards in width where broadest; and even that space was much hampered by loose pieces of ice aground or adrift. In some places the channel was so narrow that the quarter-boats had to be topped up to prevent them touching the cliffs, upon the one hand, or the lofty ice upon the other; and so perfectly were they running the gauntlet, that on many occasions the ship could not 'round to,' for want of space. Their position was full of peril, yet they could but push on, for retreat was now as dangerous as progress. The pack was of the same fearful description as that they had fallen in with in the offing of the Mackenzie River, during the previous autumn; it drew forty and fifty feet water, and rose in rolling hills upon the surface, some of them a hundred feet from base to summit. Any attempt to force the frail ship against such ice was of course mere folly; all they could do was to watch for every opening, trust in the goodness and mercy of God, and push ahead in the execution of their duty. If the ice at such a time had set in with its vast force against the sheer cliff, nothing, they all felt, could have saved them; and nothing in the long tale of Arctic research is finer than the cool and resolute way in which all, from the captain to the youngest seaman of this gallant band, fought inch by inch to make their way round this frightful coast.

"Enough has been said to give a correct idea of the peril incurred at this stage of the voyage, without entering into minute details of the hairbreadth escapes hourly taking place; but one instance may be given as a sample of the rest. After the 20th of August the Investigator lay helplessly fixed off the Northwest of Banks' Land: the wind had pressed in the ice, and for awhile all hopes of farther progress were at an end. On the 29th of August, however, a sudden move took place, and a moving floe struck a huge mass to which the ship had been secured, and, to the horror of those on board, such was the enormous power exerted that the mass slowly reared itself on its edge close to the ship's bows, until the upper part was higher than the fore-yard; and every moment appeared likely to be the Investigator's last; for the ice had but to topple over to sink her and her crew under its weight. At the critical moment there was a shout of joy, for the mass, after oscillating fearfully, broke up, rolled back

in its original position, and they were saved. Hardly, however, was this danger past than a fresh one threatened, for the berg to which the ship was secured was impelled forward by the whole weight of the driving pack towards a low point of land, on which with frightful pressure the great floes were breaking up, and piling themselves tier upon tier. The Investigator had no power of escape; but every hawser was put in requisition, and hands stationed by them. An attempt to blow up a grounded berg, upon which the ship was driving, only partially succeeded; the nip came on, the poor ship groaned, and every plank and timber quivered from stem to stern in this trial of strength between her and the ice. 'Our fate seemed sealed,' says Captain M'Clure, and he made up his mind to let go all hawsers. The order was given, and with it the wreck of the Investigator seemed certain: all the leader hoped for was, to use his own words, 'that we might have the ship thrown up sufficiently to serve as an asylum for the winter.' If she should sink between the two contending bergs the destruction of every soul was inevitable.

"But at the very moment when the order to 'let go all hawsers' was given, and even before it could be obeyed, a merciful Providence caused the berg which most threatened to break up, and the Investigator was once more saved; though still so tightly was she beset, that there was not room to drop a lead-line down round the vessel, and the copper upon her bottom was hanging in shreds or rolled up like brown paper."

Various incidents of resolution, self-devotion, and hairbreadth escape, are told of individuals, illustrative of the good-natured courage and simple heroism of the British sailor. On the return from the first ice journey made to satisfy themselves that Prince of Wales Strait communicated with Melville Sound, and that the Northwest Passage was really discovered in one direction, Captain M'Clure himself had a narrow escape.

"The return journey might have ended seriously for the leader of the party. On the 30th October, at 2 P.M., having seen the Princess Royal Isles, and knowing the position of the Investigator from them, Captain M'Clure left his sledge, with the intention of pushing for the ship, and having a warm meal ready for his men on their arrival. When still six miles from the ship the night overtook him; and with it came a dense mist accompanied with snow-drift, which rolled down the strait, and obscured every object. Unable to see his road, but endeavoring to preserve a course by the

wind, M'Clure continued to hasten on, until repeated and heavy falls amongst the broken ice warned him to desist or incur the additional peril of broken limbs. 'I now,' he says, 'climbed on a mass of squeezed-up ice, in the hope of seeing my party, should they pass near, or of attracting the attention of some one on board the vessel by firing my fowling-piece. Unfortunately, I had no other ammunition than what it was loaded with; for I had fancied, when I left the sledge, that the two charges in the gun would be all I should be likely to require. After waiting for an hour patiently, I was rejoiced to see through the mist the glare of a blue light, evidently burnt in the direction in which I had left the sledge. I immediately fired to denote my position; but my fire was evidently unobserved, and, both barrels being discharged, I was unable to repeat the signal. My only hope now rested upon the ship answering; but nothing was to be seen, and although I once more saw, at a greater distance, the glare of another blue light from the sledge, there seemed no probability of my having any other shelter for the night than what the floe afforded. Two hours elapsed: I endeavored to see the face of my pocket-compass by the light of a solitary lucifer match, which happened to be in my pocket; but in this hope I was cruelly disappointed, for it fizzed and went out, leaving me in total darkness. It was now half-past eight; there were eleven hours of night before me, a temperature 15° below zero, bears prowling about, and I with an unloaded gun in my hands. The sledge-party might, however, reach the ship, and finding I had not arrived, search would be made and help be sent; so I walked to and fro upon my hummock until I suppose it must have been eleven o'clock, when that hope fled likewise. Descending from the top of the slab of ice upon which I had clambered, I found under its lee a famous bed of soft dry snow, and, thoroughly tired out, I threw myself upon it and slept for perhaps three hours, when upon opening my eyes I fancied I saw the flash of a rocket. Jumping upon my feet, I found that the mist had cleared off and that the stars and aurora-borealis were shining in all the splendor of an Arctic night. Although unable to see the islands or the ship, I wandered about the ice in different directions until daylight, when to my great mortification, I found I had passed the ship fully the distance of four miles.' Retracing his steps, Captain M'Clure reached the Investigator on the 31st October, very tired, but otherwise none the worse for his rough and dangerous exposure to a winter's night in 73° North latitude. A few hours afterwards

the sledge arrived under Mr. Court; and great was the joy on board, and hearty the congratulations at their safe return, and the glorious news they brought."

Some characteristic information respecting the Esquimaux is contained in the present volume. Of this tribe, when they are removed from the influences of Whites and Indians, both Captain M'Clure and Captain Osborn speak highly. At the same time, the praise bestowed appears to be grounded upon personal appearance and behavior rather than good conduct. The interesting narrative by Captain Maguire of his winter at Point Barrow, published by Captain Osborn as an appendix, rather confirms the bad than the good view of the Esquimaux character.

As the great problem of the Northwest Passage has been solved, and the fate of Franklin and his gallant band too surely established, it is probable that the remoter Arctic regions will now be left to their primeval solitude. Captain Osborn is evidently desirous that another sea expedition should be sent out to discover the Erebus and Terror, whose whereabouts is pretty well ascertained, so as to gather up the last

records and remains of that self-devoted band. But, though wishing it, Captain Osborn appears to doubt the probability of the enterprise being undertaken, and arguments against it are obvious both on the score of expense and of danger. To rest much upon the cost of such an expedition, when the extent of our national expenditure is considered, as well as *how* we do waste some of it, is, in Ancient Pistol's phrase, a "most mechanical and dirty" argument. To avoid an enterprise not improper in itself, on the plea of danger, is an unworthy reason, which if it were once adopted as a principle of action would speedily degrade the navy of England and the national character. Notwithstanding all that has been written from the utilitarian point of view on these Arctic expeditions, they have not been fruitless. Scientific knowledge has been greatly extended; the national glory has been somewhat raised; and though they could not create they have developed the true heroic metal of the British sailor, that quietly takes perils, privations, and exertions to which some of the labors of Hercules were but child's play, as "all in his day's work."

SHORT PRAYERS: AN ANECDOTE.—In 1715, I dined with the Duke of Ormonde at Richmond. We were fourteen at table. There was my Lord Mar, my Lord Jersey, my Lord Arran, my Lord Lansdowne, Sir William Wyndham, Sir Redmond Everard, and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The rest of the company I do not exactly remember. During the dinner there was a jocular dispute (I forget how it arose) concerning short prayers. Sir William Wyndham told us that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier, just before the battle of Blenheim, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" This was followed by a general laugh. I immediately reflected that such a treatment of the subject was too ludicrous, at least improper, where a learned and religious prelate was one of the company. But I had soon an opportunity of making a different reflection. Atterbury, seeming to join in the conversation, and applying himself to Sir William Wyndham, said, "Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short; but I remember another as short, but a much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances, 'O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do thou not forget me!'" This, as Atterbury pronounced it, with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle and polite reproof, and was immediately felt by the whole company.—*Related by Dr. King.*

RUSTIGEN ON MILL-WHEELS AND MAGNETISM.—"Dr. Wittemback shewed me a book upon *Mill-Wheels* and *Magnetism* by one Rist. D. Rustigen, a High Dutch quack, who calls his scheme the *noblest discovery of the whole world*. He may well do so, if it is true; as he professes, among many other wonders to be effected by the combination of these powers, to make a ship without sails go faster against wind and tide than any sailing ship now goes with both in its favor. The plan has found believers, but the ship is not yet built."—*Letters from Holland and Lower Germany*, by John Eyre, M. D., London, 1769, p. 76.

The author describes Dr. Wittemback as a physician at Leyden, to whom he had an introduction. Can any of your readers give me information as to the book or the project?—*Notes and Queries.*

ANOTHER METAL DISCOVERED.—Dr. Hoffman, following in the wake of Davy and Deville, has come forward as a discoverer of metal. In a lecture delivered by him lately at the British Royal Institution he exhibited a bright glistening mass somewhat resembling butter, and described it as ammonium—the metallic base of ammonia. This is regarded as a highly interesting chemical fact, inasmuch as it strengthens the views entertained respecting the constituents of the atmosphere, viz., that they are all metallic

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LEAP FROM THE MAIN BRUCKE.*

I.

It was past midnight—the lights on the stone-bridge which crosses the river Main at Frankfort were still burning, though the footsteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement—when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides. At the same time, another man advanced in years was coming towards him from Sachsenhausen, the well-known suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two had not yet met, when the latter turned from his path, and went towards the parapet, with the evident intention of leaping from the bridge into the Main.

The young man followed him quickly, and laid hold of him.

"Sir," said he, "I think you want to drown yourself."

"You think right, sir; but what is that to you?"

"Nothing at all; I was only going to ask you to do me the favor to wait a few minutes, and allow me to join you. Let us draw close to each other, and, arm in arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger who has chanced to come for the same purpose, is really rather interesting. Indeed, I have not experienced anything so exciting for some time; and I should not have thought that, in my last hour, so pleasant an occurrence would happen. Come, sir, for many years I have not made a request to any human being; do not refuse me this one, which must be my last. I assure you I do not remember having ever spent so many words about any request whatever."

So saying, the young man held out his hand: his companion took it, and he then continued, with a kind of enthusiasm: "So be it; arm in arm—and now let us be quick about it; it is really charming to feel a human heart near me in these last moments. I do not ask what you are, good or bad—come, let us down."

The elder of the two, who had at first been in so great a hurry to end his existence in the waters of the river, now restrained the impetuosity of the younger.

"Stop, sir," said he, while his weary eye

tried to examine the features of his companion as well as the flickering light of the nearest lamp would allow him—"Stop, sir; you seem to me too young to leave life in this way. I am afraid you are committing a rash act; for a man of your years, life must have still bright prospects."

"Bright prospects!—in the midst of rottenness and decay, falsehood and deceit, vice and corruption! Come, let us make an end of it."

"And so young! Your experience must have been very sad to make you consider all creatures which have the human form a brood of serpents."

"O, serpents are noble beings compared with men; they follow the impulses of their nature; they are no hypocrites, bearing virtue on their lips and vice in their hearts."

"I pity you from my heart; but there certainly are many exceptions to this miserable rule."

"I have found none," said the young man.

"Then it may be a consolation, though a poor one, that you have found one in this solemn hour. However much men are given to falsehood, there are very few who lie in the hour of death, within sight of eternity. But for me, I have never told a falsehood in my life, and I would not for anything in the world enter upon the dark road with a lie upon my lips; and therefore, when I tell you that I am not a villain, as you seem to think me, but an honest and upright man, I am telling you the simple, unvarnished truth."

"Indeed!—that is interesting. And so I must meet the only honest man ever I saw in the world, when I am on the point of leaving it, and in his own company!"

"Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, there are many good and honest people who could render life charming for you. Seek them, and you are sure to find them."

"Well, the first one I have found already. But if life presents itself to you in hues so bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave it."

"O, I am only a poor old sickly man, unable to earn anything, and who can endure no longer that his only child, an angel of a daughter, should work day and night to maintain him, and even sometimes to procure

* From the German of Ludwig Storch.

him luxuries. No, sir; to allow this longer, I must be a tyrant, a barbarian."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the other, almost terrified, "you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for your sake?"

"And with what patience, what sweetness, what love, what perseverance! I see her sinking under her toil and her deprivations, and not a word of complaint escapes from her pallid lips. She works and starves, and still has always a word of love, an affectionate smile for her father."

"Sir, and you want to commit suicide! Are you mad?"

"Dare I murder that angel? The thought pierces my heart like a dagger," said the old man, sobbing.

"Sir, you must have a bottle of wine with me; I see a tavern open yonder. Come, you must tell me your history; and if you have no objection, I will then tell you mine. But this much I may say at once—there is no occasion for you to leap into the river. I am a rich, a very rich man; and if things really are as you represent, your daughter will no longer have to work, and you shall not starve."

The old man allowed himself to be dragged along by his companion. In a few minutes they were seated at a table in the tavern, with full glasses before them, and each examining curiously the features of the other.

Refreshed and comforted by the effects of the wine, the old man began thus:

"My history is soon told. I am a mercantile man; but fortune never favored me. I had no money myself, and I loved and married a poor girl. I could never begin business on my own account. I took a situation as book-keeper, which I held until I became useless from age, and younger men were preferred to me. Thus my circumstances were always circumscribed, but my domestic happiness was complete. My wife was an angel of love, kindness, and fondness, good and pious, active and affectionate; and my daughter is the true image of her mother. But age and illness have brought me to the last extremity, and my conscience revolts against the idea of the best child in the world sacrificing her life for an old useless fellow. I cannot have much longer to live; and I hope the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks from my life,

in order to preserve or prolong that of my dear Bertha."

"You are a fortunate man, my friend," exclaimed the young man; "I have never seen a more fortunate one. What you call your misfortune, is sheer nonsense, and can be cured at once. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be the heir of all my possessions, and to-morrow night I will take the leap from the Main Brucke alone. But before I leave this world, I must see your Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one who is worthy the name of a human being."

"But, sir, what can have made you so unhappy at this early age?" said the old man, moved with compassion.

"I believe it was my father's wealth. I am the only son of one of the richest bankers of Frankfurt: when I mention my name, you will be at once convinced of the truth of my assertion. My father died five years ago, and left me the heir to an immense fortune. From that moment, every one that has come in contact with me has endeavored to deceive and defraud me. I was a child in innocence, trusting and confiding; my education had not been neglected, and I possessed my mother's loving heart. I endeavored to associate myself in a union of love and friendship with good and generous people, but I found only hypocrites and impostors, who pretended friendship for no other purpose than to partake of my wealth, and enjoy themselves at my expense. My friends, or rather the villains whom I mistook for friends, and to whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and then laughed at my simplicity; but in time I gathered experience, and my heart was filled with distrust. I was betrothed to a rich heiress, possessed of all fashionable accomplishments; I adored her with enthusiasm; her love, I thought, would repay me for every disappointment. But I soon saw that she was nothing more than a proud fool, who wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other men besides to her triumphal chariot. I broke off the engagement, and selected a poor but charming girl—a sweet innocent being, as I thought, who would be my life's own angel. Alas! I found her one day bidding adieu with tears and kisses to a youth whom she loved: she had accepted me for my wealth only. My peace of mind vanished; I sought diversion in travel: every-

where I found the same hollowness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short, I became disgusted with life, and resolved to put an end this night to the pitiable farce."

"Unfortunate young man," said the other, with tears of sympathy, "how deeply I pity you. I confess I have been more fortunate than you. I possessed a wife and a daughter, who came forth pure and immaculate from the hand of the Creator. The one has returned to Him in the whiteness of her soul, and so will the other."

"Will you give me your address, old man, and permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow? But you must also give me your word of honor that you will not inform her, or insinuate to her in any manner whatever, that I am a rich man." The old man held out his hand.

"I give you my word; I am anxious to convince you that I have spoken the truth. My name is Wilhelm Schmidt, and here is my address;" giving him, at the same time, a bit of paper which he drew from his pocket.

"And my name is Karl T——. I am the son of Anton T——. Take these bank-notes, but only on condition that you do not leave this house until I fetch you from it. Waiter! a bedroom for this gentleman. You require rest, Herr Schmidt. Good-night. To-morrow you will see me again; but under whatever circumstances this may happen, do not forget the word you have given me."

The name the young man had mentioned, as well as the large sum, struck the old man with astonishment; but before he could recover himself, his companion had left the house, and the waiter came to light him to his bedroom, where, wearied and worn out, he soon sank into a profound sleep.

II.

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets of Sachsenhausen, in an attic of a lofty and unsightly house, sat a pretty *blondine*, about twenty years of age, busily employed with her needle. The furniture of the room was poor, but clean and tasteful; the girl's whole dress would not have fetched many kreutzers; but every article was as neat, and fitted her as well, as if it had cost hundreds. Her fair locks shaded a face brightened by a pair of eyes of heavenly blue, which bespoke a peaceful mind and a pure soul. The spirit

of order, modesty, and cleanliness reigned in everything around her. Her features were delicate, like those of one nobly born; her eyes betrayed sleeplessness and anxiety, and ever and anon a deep sigh rose from the maiden's breast. Suddenly, steps were heard on the staircase, and her face lighted up with joy; she listened, and doubt seemed to overshadow her brow. Then came a knock at the door, which made her tremble so much that she almost wanted the courage to say "Come in." A young man, shabbily dressed, entered the room and made a low but awkward bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he, "does Herr Schmidt live here?"

"Yes, sir. What is your pleasure?"

"Are you his daughter Bertha?"

"I am."

"Then it is you that I seek. I come from your father."

"For heaven's sake, where is he? What has happened? Something must have happened—this is the first time he has stayed away all night."

"The misfortune is not very great."

"O, my poor, poor father, what shall I hear!"

The young man seemed to observe the visible marks of anxiety with great interest; then, looking round the room, he said: "Do not be frightened, my dear girl; it is nothing of great importance. Your father met last night an old acquaintance, who invited him to a tavern. They had some wine together; but when the landlord came for his bill, your father's friend had decamped, and left him to pay the score. He had not sufficient money for this; and now the man will not let him go until he is paid, and declares that unless he gets his money, he will send him to prison."

"To prison!—my father to prison!" exclaimed the girl. "Can you tell me how much the bill comes to?"

"Three florins and a half."

"O God!" sighed the girl; "all I have does not amount to more than one florin; but I will go at once to Madame Berg, and beg of her to advance me the money."

"Who is Madame Berg?"

"The milliner for whom I work."

"But if Madame Berg does not advance the money—what then?" The girl burst into tears.

"I am much afraid she will refuse. I already owe her one florin, and she is very hard."

"For what purpose did you borrow the money you owe her?"

The girl hesitated to reply.

"You may trust me; I take the deepest interest in your misfortunes, and I sincerely wish I could assist you; but I am only a poor clerk myself. Tell me for what purpose did you borrow that florin?"

"Well, my father is very weak, and occasionally requires strengthening: I borrowed that money to get a quarter of a fowl for him."

"Under these circumstances, I fear Madame Berg will not give you any more. Here is one florin, but that is all I possess. Have you any valuables upon which we could raise some money?" Bertha considered for a moment.

"I have nothing," said she at length, "but my poor mother's prayer-book. On the death-bed, she entreated me not to part with it, and there is nothing in the world I hold more sacred than her memory and the promise I gave her; but still, for my father's sake, I must not hesitate." With a trembling hand, she took the book down from the shelf. "O, sir," said she, "during many a sleepless night I have been accustomed to enter the secret thoughts of my heart on the blank leaves at the end of the book. I hope no one will ever know whose writing they are; will you promise me that?"

"Certainly, my dear Bertha. Do not alarm yourself; I will take care that your secrets shall not be profaned. But now get ready, that we may go."

Whilst she left the room to put on her bonnet and shawl, Karl T—— (for the reader will have guessed that the young man was no other than our hero) glanced over the writing of the girl in the book, and his eyes filled with tears of emotion and delight as he read the outpourings of a pure and pious heart; and when they had left the house together, and she was walking beside him with a dignity of which she seemed entirely unconscious, he cast upon her looks of respect and admiration.

They first went to Madame Berg, who did not give the advance required, but assured the young man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly this praise Mr. T—— valued higher

than the money he had asked for. They pawned the book, and the required sum was made up. Bertha was overjoyed.

"But if you spend all your money to-day," remarked the young man, "on what will you live to-morrow?"

"I do not know, but I trust in God. I shall work the whole night through."

"Yes, trust in God firmly, and He will help you," exclaimed Karl with an enthusiasm which almost betrayed the emotion he felt.

When they came to the tavern, the young man went in first to prepare old Mr. Schmidt for the part he wished him to act; then he fetched Bertha. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt when he saw the young girl throw herself in her father's arms, and press him to her heart.

"O father," said she, "what a dreadful night have I had—how uneasy I have been about you; but, thank God, I have you again;" and her face brightened up with a smile of joy.

She paid the bill, and triumphantly led him home. T—— accompanied them, and said he had a few more kreutzers in his pocket; she had better go and get them something to eat. And then you should have seen this darling girl, how she busied herself, and how gladly she set about it: the young man felt as if he could fall at her feet and worship her. It was late before T—— went home that night; but the leap from the Main Brucke was no more thought of. He came to the house every evening, in order, as he said, to share with them his scanty earnings.

About a fortnight after, as he was going away one evening, he said to Bertha: "Will you become my wife? I am only a poor clerk, but I am honest and upright."

Bertha blushed, and cast her eyes to the ground.

"Can you love me, Bertha?" he asked again in an overflow of feeling.

She was silent, and did not raise her head; but she held out her hand. He seized it, and kissed it fervently:

"Bertha," said he, "I love you immeasurably: you have saved my life."

A few days after, the young couple, simply but respectably attired, and accompanied by Herr Schmidt, went to church, where they were married in a quiet way. When they

came out man and wife, an elegant carriage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step.

"Come," said the happy husband to his bewildered wife, who looked at him with amazement.

Before she could utter a word, the three were seated in the carriage, driving away at a quick pace. The carriage stopped before a splendid house in the best part of Frankfort. They were received by a number of domestics, who conducted them to apartments decorated in the most costly style.

"This is your mistress," said T—— to the servants; "and her commands you have henceforth to obey. My darling wife," said he, then turning to Bertha, "I am Karl T——,

one of the wealthiest men of this city. This house is yours, and these servants will attend on you. I hold a pledge from you that riches will not corrupt your heart. Here it is, in the prayer-book of your poor mother, written by your own hand: 'If thou wert to give me all the treasures of the world, O Lord, I would still remain Thine humble servant. For what is gold before Thee, that lookest into the heart? Thine is my heart, and Thine it shall remain.'"

"It is the Lord's and thine, my beloved Karl," whispered Bertha, and sank in his arms.

"Hurrah for the leap from the Main Brucke!" exclaimed T——, embracing his father-in-law.

DODSLEY'S "COLLECTION OF POEMS."—The following Note on the first and second editions of *Dodsley's Collection*, drawn up by a friend who compared my copy of the first edition with his of the second, deserves to be recorded for the information which it furnishes respecting the most popular poetical miscellany ever published in England:

"This is the first edition of Dodsley's famous *Collection of Poems*. It was published in the month of January, 1748, 'three pocket volumes,' price 9s. In the same year appeared a second edition, also in three volumes, but with considerable additions and some omissions of poems, probably thought unworthy of a place here. The poems omitted were: 1. The Art of Cookery. 2. An Imitation of Horace's Invitation to Torquatus. 3. The Old Cheese. 4. The Skillet. 5. The Fisherman. 6. Little Mouths. 7. Hold Fast Below. 8. The Incurious (all by Dr. King). 9. The Apparition (by Dr. Evans). 10. The Wrongheads: and, 11. The Happy Man. None of these were ever reprinted in Dodsley. Among the most remarkable additions to the second edition were some of the Odes of Collins, which were published by Millar in December, 1746 (dated 1747), and here reprinted for the first time with considerable variations. In order to enable purchasers of the first edition to complete their copies, a fourth, thin, volume was published in the following year, which contains all the pieces which were in the second, but not in the first edition, and no others. Gray sneered at the 'Three Graces' in the frontispiece, and in the second edition Dodsley substituted for them the allegorical vignette which appears in all the subsequent editions. The fourth, supplementary, volume of 1749, however, has the 'Graces' to correspond with the three volumes of the edition which it was intended to complete. The *Collection* was afterwards enlarged to four volumes. A 'fourth edition,' in four volumes,

appeared in 1755. In 1758 an edition was published in six volumes, containing further additions. In this number of volumes it was frequently reprinted; but I have seen a mention of an edition in seven vols. 12mo. of 1770. The latest edition I am aware of is that of 1782, in six vols. 8vo. There was published in 1768, 'A Collection of Poems, being two additional volumes to Mr. Dodsley's Collection;' but whether by Dodsley's successor I know not. A copy of this is in the Grenville Library, British Museum, and in the Bodleian. Dodsley's *Collection* enjoyed a greater popularity than was ever attained by any other publication of the kind. Gray speaks of it in 1751 as the 'Magazine of Magazines.' The first edition is now scarce, and the 'Three Graces' rarely seen.

"There is an error in the paging of vol. i. of this edition. After paging regularly to 263, the numbering recommences with 238, and goes on regularly from thence to p. 286, the end of the volume."

—*Notes and Queries*. WILLIAM J. THOMS.

PREMATURE INTERMENTS.—Arterus sends a cutting respecting Dr. Graham and a lady being buried for six hours in his earth bath. This reminds me that in Moore's *Diary*, &c., it is asserted that the young lady who was Dr. Graham's "assistant" on these occasions was no other than the afterwards beautiful, and unfortunate, Lady Hamilton. Can any of your readers tell me if it was so? Moore also alludes to this subject in another place, where he says that one of our poets, I forget which, went to Malvern, where this earth bath had been established; and as the poet could not find auditors to hear his lines, he revenged himself by reading his productions to the individuals who were earthed up to the neck, feeling assured that if his audience were not delighted, at least, they were patient listeners.—*Notes and Queries*.

SPRINGS IN THE DESERT

I PACE the long deserted rooms,
Still striving to recall
The sounds of footsteps on the stairs,
Or voices in the hall.

Along the walks and up the lawn,
I wander every day;
And sit beneath the mulberry's shade,
Where first we loved to play.

No stir of feet the stillness breaks,
No dear familiar tone;
Since, taking each her separate way,
They left me here alone.

To love them, and their love to share
Was life and joy to me;
I was the eldest of the house;
My sisters they were three.

As one who marks the bud unfold
A flower of radiant hue,
I marvelled day by day to find
How beautiful they grew.

I knew them pure, and fit for life,
If earthly life were given;
And O! I knew, if they should die,
They were as fit for Heaven.

Our childhood was a merry time;
And grief—if grief we knew—
Seemed only sent, like rain, to make
The flowers spring up anew.

We parted; one to lordly halls
In foreign climes was led;
Where love each day some new delight
O'er her life's pathway shed.

The other chose a lowlier lot;
A poor man's home to share,
To cheer him at his daily toil,
And soothe his daily care.

The last and youngest,—where is she?—
I thought she would have stayed
To talk with me of other days
Beneath the mulberry's shade.

I loved her, as a mother loves;
And nightly, on my breast
She laid her fair and gentle head,
And sung herself to rest.

I knew she could not find her peer
Among the sons of clay;
Yet how I wept, when Angels came
To take my flower away!

And years have passed—long silent years—
Since first I dwelt alone
Within the old deserted house,
Whence so much love was gone.

I was not, like my sisters, fair,
Nor light of heart as they;
I always knew that mine would be
A lowly, lonely way.

But they who deem my portion hard,
Know not that wells are found
In deserts wild, whose silent streams
Make green the parched ground.

There's not a blade of grass—a leaf—
A breath of summer air—

But stirs my heart with love for Him
Who made this earth so fair.

And many a lowly friend have I,
Or sick, or sad of heart,
Who hails my coming steps with joy,
And sighs when I depart.

No day is ever long; and night
Some gentle spirit brings,
To whisper thoughts of other worlds
And of diviner things.

And if, when evening shadows fall,
I sad or lonely feel,
I kneel me down in that same room
Where we four used to kneel.

And there I say the evening prayer
We four were wont to say:
The very place hath power to charm
All gloomier thoughts away.

I have a thousand memories dear,
And quiet joys untold;
For God but takes his gifts away,
To give them back tenfold.

—Household Words.

In the year 1830, Mr. Moxon published a volume entitled *Album Verses, with a few others, by Charles Lamb*. These album verses are addressed, some of them to married, and others to unmarried, ladies of Lamb's acquaintance. It happened about ten years ago, as I was passing through Chandos Street, London, that I saw in an old bookseller's window, Lamb's tragedy of *John Woodville*, with a leaf opened, in which was transcribed, in his well-known hand, the following lines:

"WHAT IS AN ALBUM?"

"September 7th, 1830.

" 'Tis a book kept by modern young ladies for show,
Of which their plain grandmothers nothing did know;

A medley of scraps, half verse, and half prose,
And some things not very like either, God knows.
The soft first effusions of beaus and of belles,
Of future Lord Byrons, and sweet L. E. L.'s;
Where wise folk and simple both equally join,
And you write your nonsense, that I may write mine.

Stick in a fine landscape, to make a display—
A flower-piece—a foreground—all tinted so gay.
As Nature herself, could she see them, would strike

With envy, to think that she ne'er did the like.
And since some Lavaters with headpieces comical
Have agreed to pronounce people's heads physiognomical,

Be sure that you stuff it with autographs plenty,
All penned in a fashion so stiff and so dainty,
They no more resemble folk's ordinary writing
Than lines penned with pains do extempore writing;

Or our ev'ry day countenance (pardon the stricture),

The faces we make when we sit for our picture.
Thus you have, Madelina, an Album complete,
Which may you live to finish, and I live to see it.
—Notes and Queries. "C. LAMB."

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